AMERICAN GODS, CORALINE AND THE SANDMAN

# NEIL GAIMAN

# the POKS of AGIC

Turothy Hunter's life is about to change forever



DILESTER FOR BY

JOHN BOLTON SCOTT HAMPTON CHARLES VESS PAUL JOHNSON

VERTIGO











DC Countes.

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#### "HOOD INDIGO"

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#### Dedication

To Diana Wynne jones, Jane Yolen, Ellen Kushner and Terri Windling: four witches.

#### Acknowledgments

In my school holidays, when I was much younger, I would spend whole days at our local library, reading my way through the children's section. It was a magical journey, or rather, a succession of journeys, in a small room full of books.

Writing this tale I found myself greatly indebted to that nineyear-old me, sitting somewhere with a book; and to the people who took me to wonderlands.

I owe a huge debt to all those arcane practitioners and master magicians: Edith Nesbitt and P.L. Travers and Edward Eager, C.S. Lewis and Andrew Lang, Margaret Storey and Noel Langley, Lewis Carroll and J.P. Martin, Nicholas Stuart Gray and J.B.S. Haldane and Clive King and T.H. White — and the rest: there are many others, many of whose names I have by now forgotten or never knew. They were the first to tell me that there was magic, and where it was to be found.

Rachel Pollack gave me Tarot advice. Mary Wolfman explained Baron Winter, and Bob Greenberger kibitzed on continuity. The late Arthur Waley's translations of oriental poems helped to assemble the tale of the Wu woman, and Karen Berger, editor extraordinary, forgave me for sneakily writing a novel when I should have been working on this.

So to them, and to John Bolton, Scott Hampton, Charles
Vess, and Paul Johnson, and also to Mike Dringenberg, Tom
Yeates, Paul Chadwick, John Ridgway, Ron Randall, Todd Klein
and the mysterious Mister Zed: my thanks.

## Introduction

once stopped in an odd little establishment in Ensenada, down in Baja, where a Hindu gentieman was selling tiny gold-plated orchids. He explained that they were real flowers, and that a process existed for plating them with that shiny metal without ruining their forms. Unable to resist, I said, "Sort of like gilding the lify, huh?" But his knowledge of the language had not progressed to the point of catching bad deadpan humor, and he responded, "No! No! Is not lify! Is orchid!"

Neil Gaiman does not really need an introduction. It would sort of be like—never mind.

He writes the award-winning SANDMAN series and is co-author with Terry Pratchett of the novel **Good Omens** which I have recommended to many and do yet again.

I first met Neil at an autographing session in Dallas. Most recently, I spent a pleasant evening with him and Steven Brust at the World Fantasy Convention in Phoenix, where we spoke of many things and I was reminded of something an older writer had told me long ago—namely, that editors only think that they're buying stories, that what they're really buying is the way a story is told. Look at Nick Bantock's fascinating **Griffin & Sabine**, where the medium is 95% of the enchantment.

Neil Gaiman is such a medium specialist. While his tales are gripping, moving, there is in particular the way of his stories to consider. I'm always fascinated by his point of attack and by the angles from which he views his people, settings, situations, actions. It's his approach that I study as much as the ideas he employs. And in the case of **The Books of Magic** I am again fascinated. This time he has chosen for his subject the tale of initiation, the story of the magician's journey from innocence along the road to power.

The four volumes of **The Books of Magic**, herein gathered, are a wonderful romp which I have read both backwards and forwards. In that they worked well for me in either direction, as well as in several odd shufflings of the deck, I feel free to talk about them in a variety of ways—none of which can really "give away the plot," because it's not that sort of story. While there is a storyline from which events depend, it is also a thematic tale, and I can talk about it at this level, choosing examples from wherever I would, without doing harm to anyone's reading pleasure.

### by Roger Zelazny

Opening Joseph Campbell's **Hero with a Thousand Faces** to the Table of Contents and skipping over the Prologue wherein he will speak of the monomyth in general terms, we come to Part I, "The Adventure of the Hero." which is divided into four chapters: "Departure," "Initiation," "Return," and "The Keys." In that Campbell is examining the archetypes of all mythology here, and looking to describe a rhythm common to heroic fiction, I thought to hold it up next to **The Books of Magic** to see how Neil's story compares with the hero's journey in world mythology at large,

Looking at the first volume as representing "The Departure," we see that it is indeed characterized by the five features Campbell discussed. The "Call to Adventure" comes simply enough in the midst of Timothy's mundane activity, skateboarding. The "Refusal of the Call" follows immediately, as Timothy flees the Stranger, Dr. Occult, and Mr. E — whereupon Constantine stops him, offering the classical "Supernatural Aid" by turning his yo-yo into an owl/familiar. "The Crossing of the First Threshold" then takes him on a journey back through time to beginnings. Then comes "The Belly of the Whale," the return to the center of things — the self-sacrificial experience, the learning of the price — which begins in the theater.

Looking on Book II as a continuation of "The Belly of the Whale," let us hold Book III up against the "Initiation" chapter. Campbell's breakdown here is "The Road of Trials," "The Meeting with the Goddess," "Woman as the Temptress," "Atonement with the Father," "Apotheosis," and "The Ultimate Boon."

All of these are encountered in Fairyland, with Titania as the goddess and the temptress, the father as the sleeping king under the mountain, and the apotheosis of sorts occurring on the receipt of the boon.

I won't even try to match things up for the final **Book of Magic**. I will simply point out for homework that Campbell's next chapter. "The Return," contains the following sections: "Refusal of the Return," "The Magic Flight," "Rescue from Without," "The Crossing of the Return Threshold," and "Freedom to Live."

This is one way to look at it. Sure, all of those things are there. It does not matter one whit, though, whether Neil cleverly synthesized the piece out of Campbell or whether he crafted a tale drawing upon similar sources so that such a thoroughgoing analysis must necessarily apply. Fither way, the result is a work worthy of respect

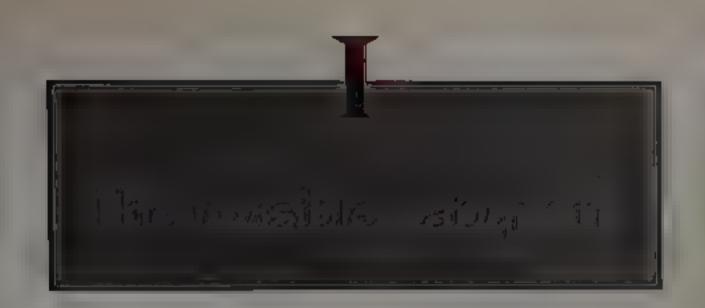
One might remark on the sense of humor exhibited in Book III, where the hero and his companions are hanging around Baba Yaga's house, or the tangential nature of the future according to Book IV, or the blackness at the beginning of the universe, or at its end, view everything between as a cosmic day, and reduce all of the action to a solar myth; or, as I did earlier, one might play the sequence backwards, beginning with the playing-card archetypes and winding up regarding the Fall as an Ascension; or —

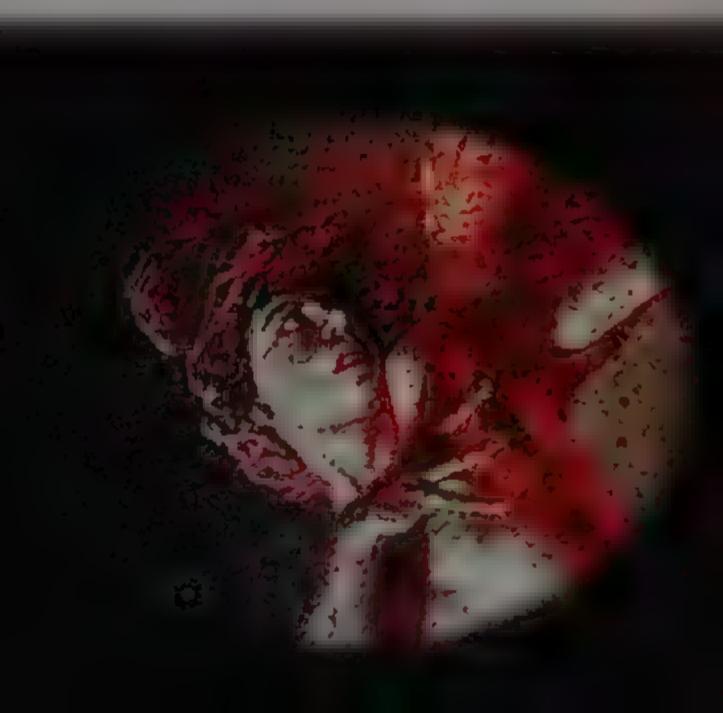
From a mundane standpoint, one might merely observe that Neil has arranged appearances here by every major occult figure in DC's history, to the possible end of introducing a new series character. And I do wonder whether Timothy will be back.

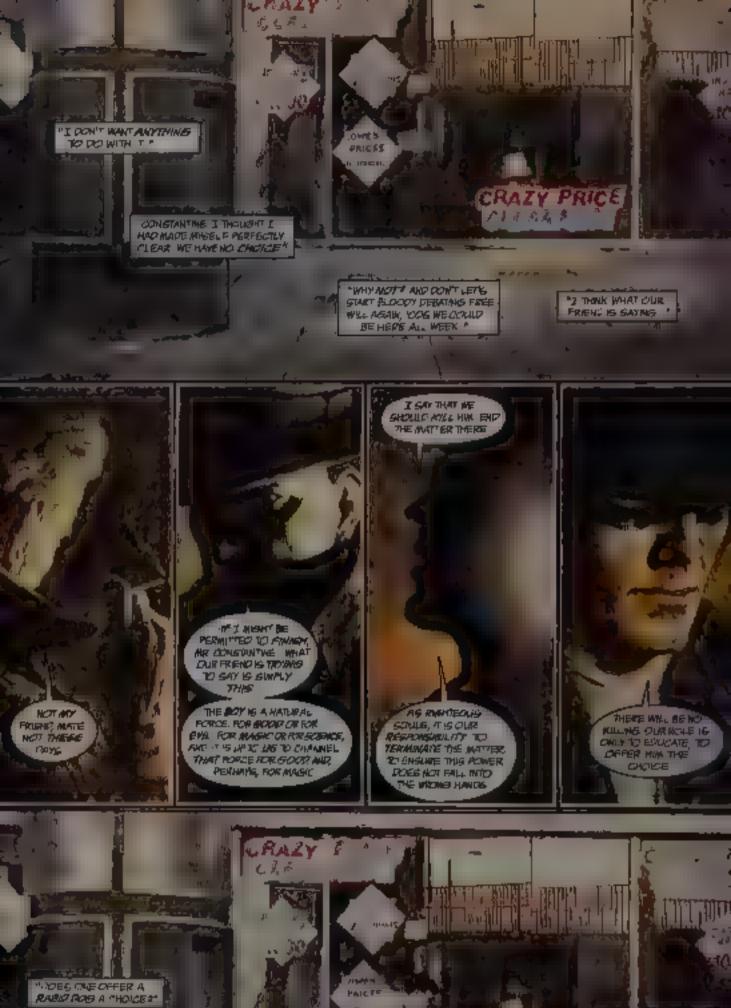
It is more than a clever story, however. It is rich and it is resonant. Like all good writing it causes the mind to wander off down byways by arousing speculations and leaving them to simmer. Why is Dr. Occult's female side so strong? What wonders will emerge from the mundane egg? What lock will Timothy's key one day fit? I like this allusiveness, this sense of depth. It entertains and engages me to see so much contained between these covers.

And Neil is fortunate here in having such interesting and talented colleagues as John Bolton, Scott Hampton, Charles Vess, and Paul Johnson rendering his visions into vivid images. And while people seldom comment on lettering because its job is generally to be unobtrusive, they also, for the same reason — habit — may not always note its subtle shifts in such places as the Museum of Ghosts sequences or Zatara's poem or the dialogue at Baba Yaga's or its alteration in various of the future sections — or simply not wonder why certain words get the bold-face treatment. Todd Klein's sure hand is a definite part of the magic here.

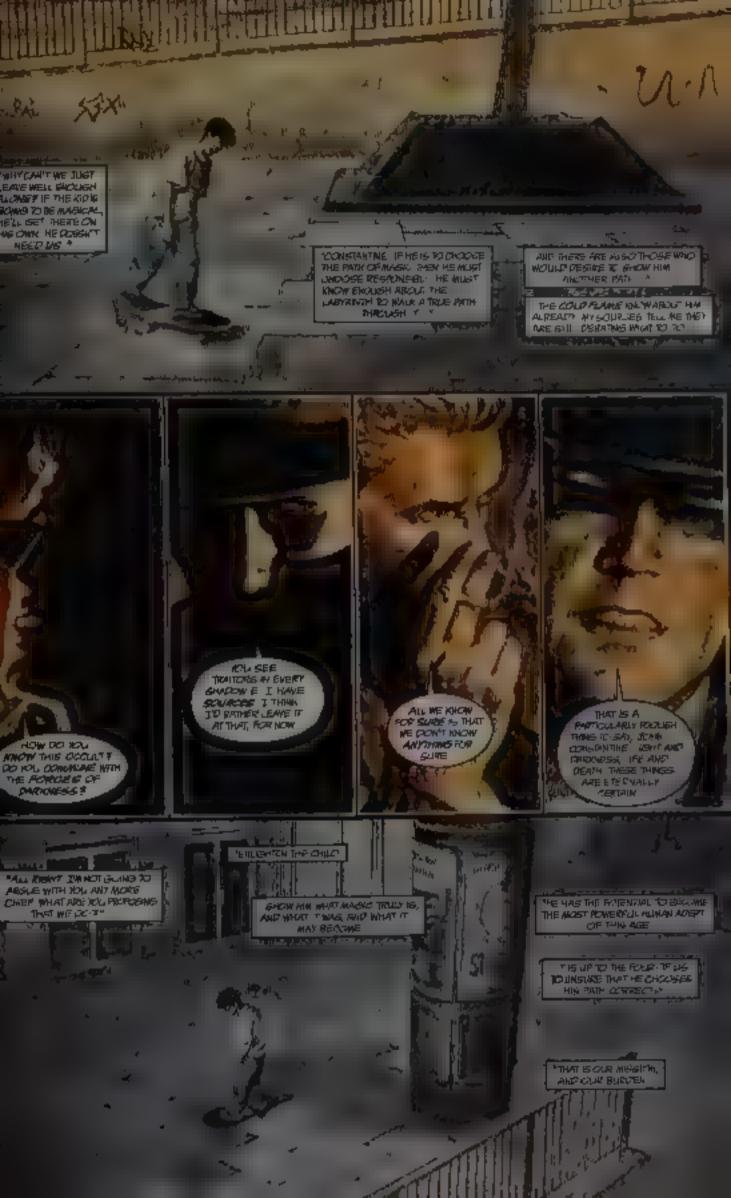
Neil Gaiman is a writer I have resolved to watch, and so far the effort has never failed to return more than the price of admission to his worlds. Yes, I have enjoyed this story in many ways. It has been a journey worth taking. To say more would be to dip it in molten metal. Sweet dreams

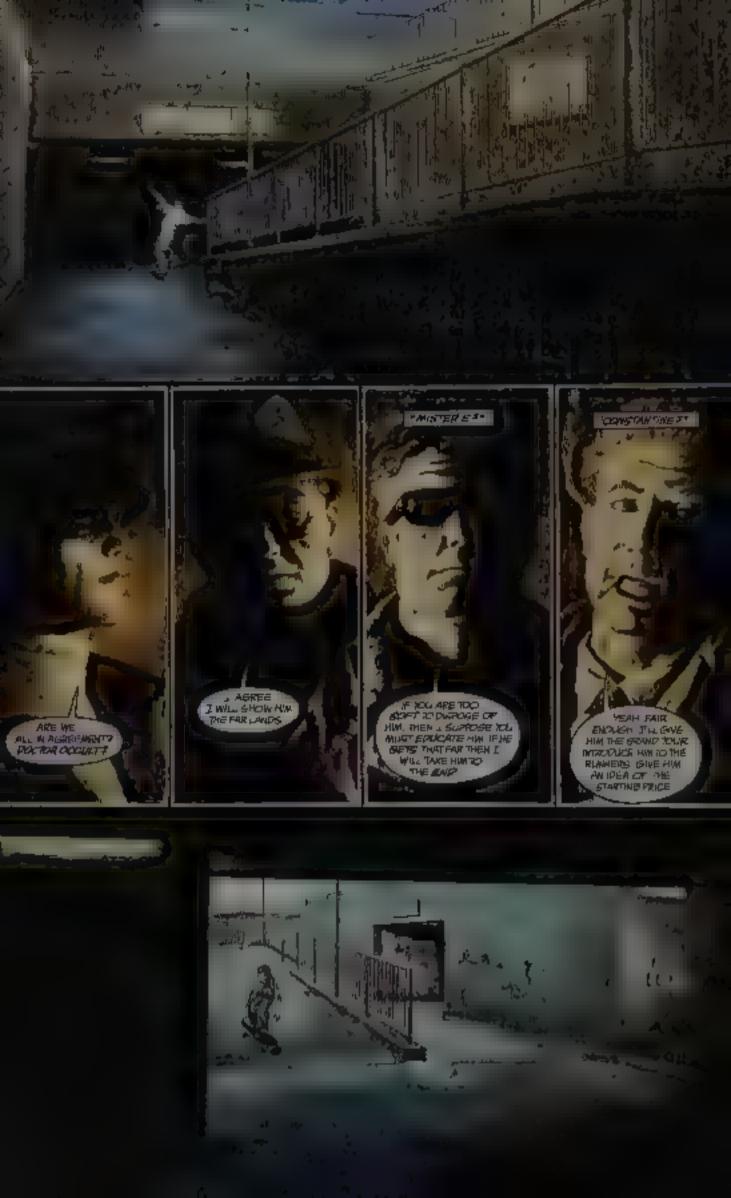




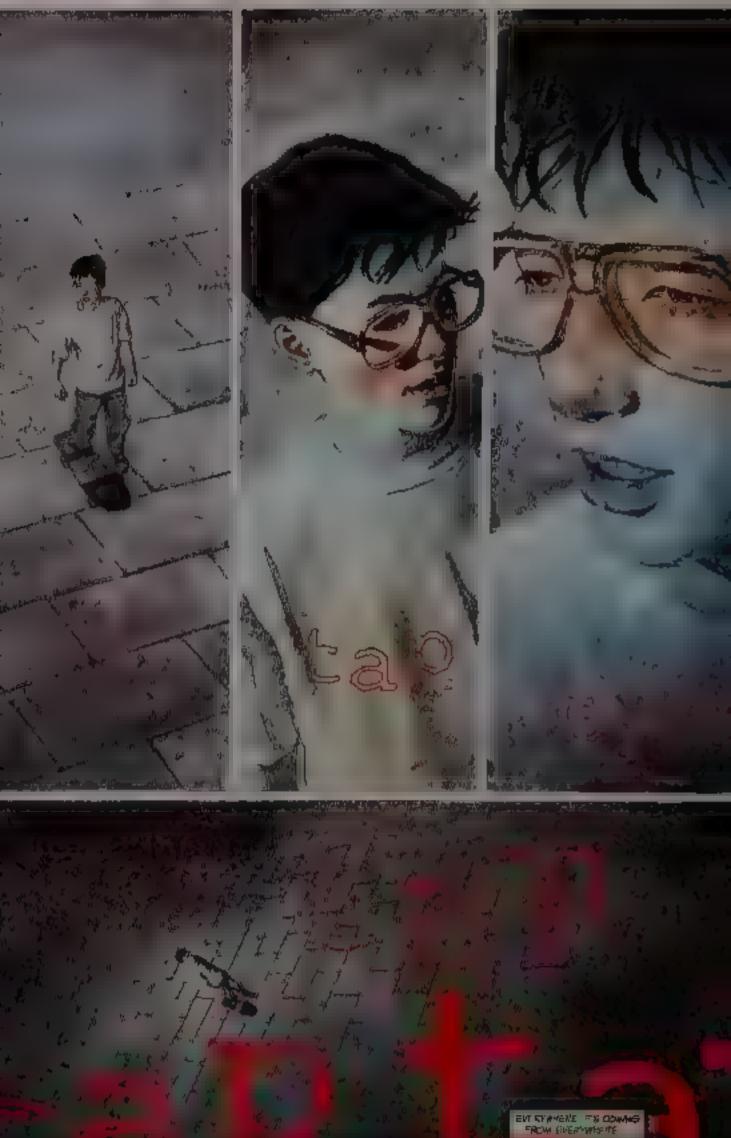














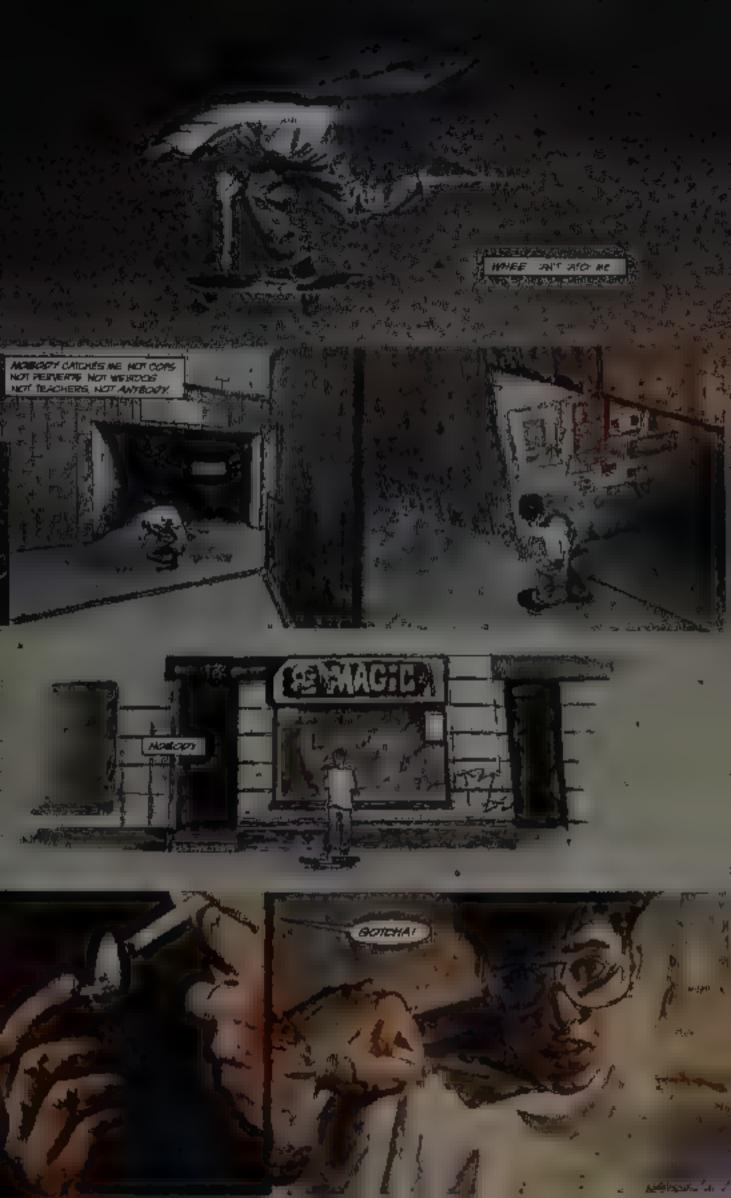




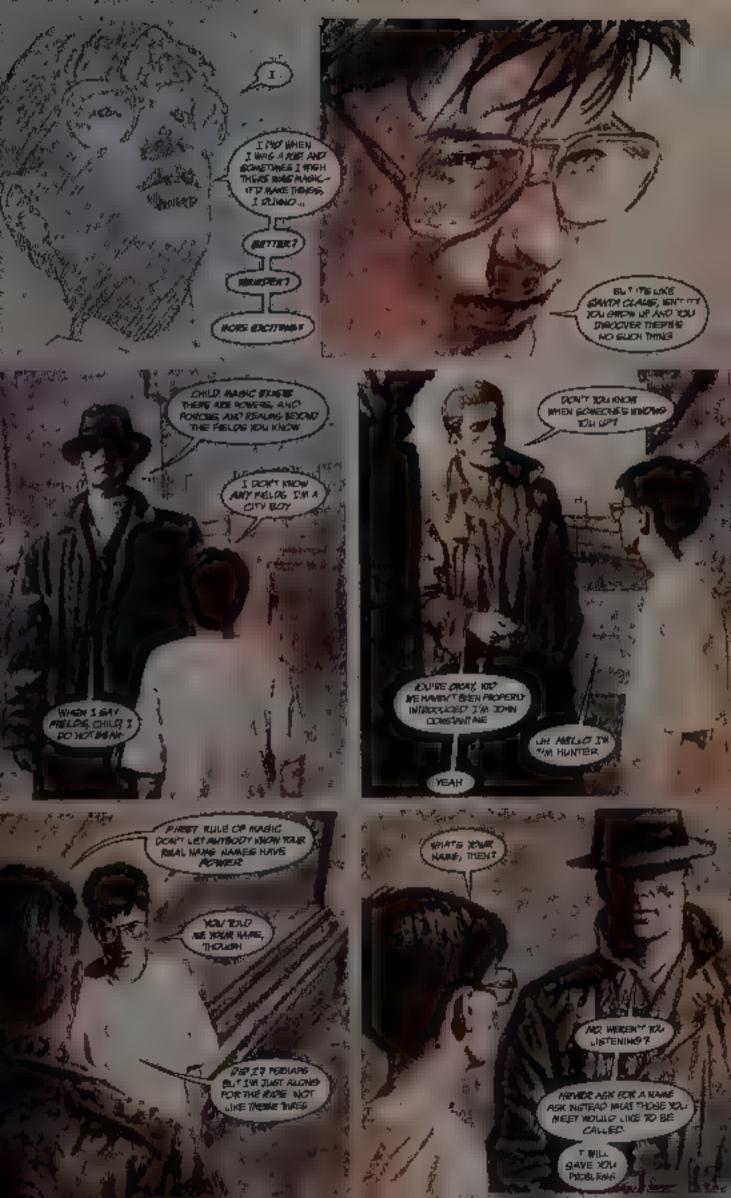
































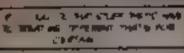










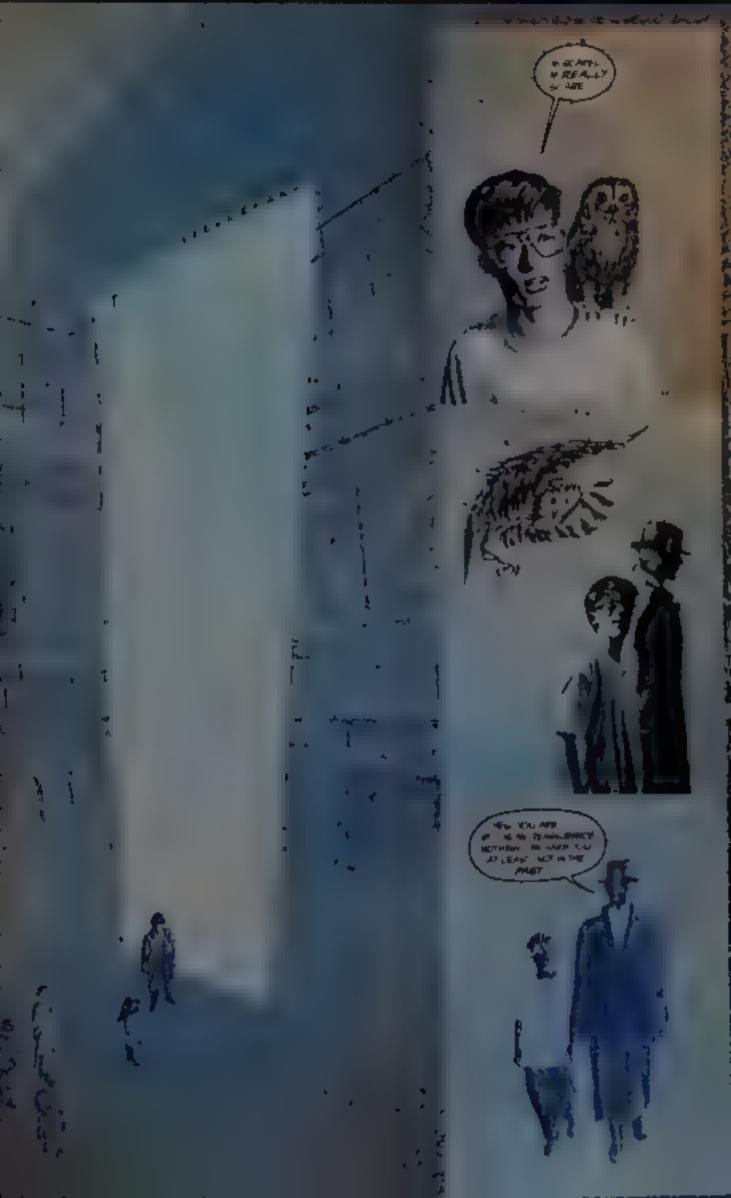


I MENUTY WAS IT THE ME LEAD THAT









MHERE ARE WET! THIS IS NO PLACE
SHILD THIS IS THE HOND?
THE SPACE BLICARE THERE
WAS ANY MASSEE DITEMENT.
TO THE UNE BEFORE
THERE WAY CHANGE THERE IS A SILENCE THAT IS MOVE THAN SILENCE IN THE COLD CAMBOOK TUNE THEN THAT MOVES T SOUNDS LIKE SOMERODY BONESOLY MUSE SOREAMHS T IS A CEN OF PAN. CHILD THE PAN THAT "CARES WITH SHOTH

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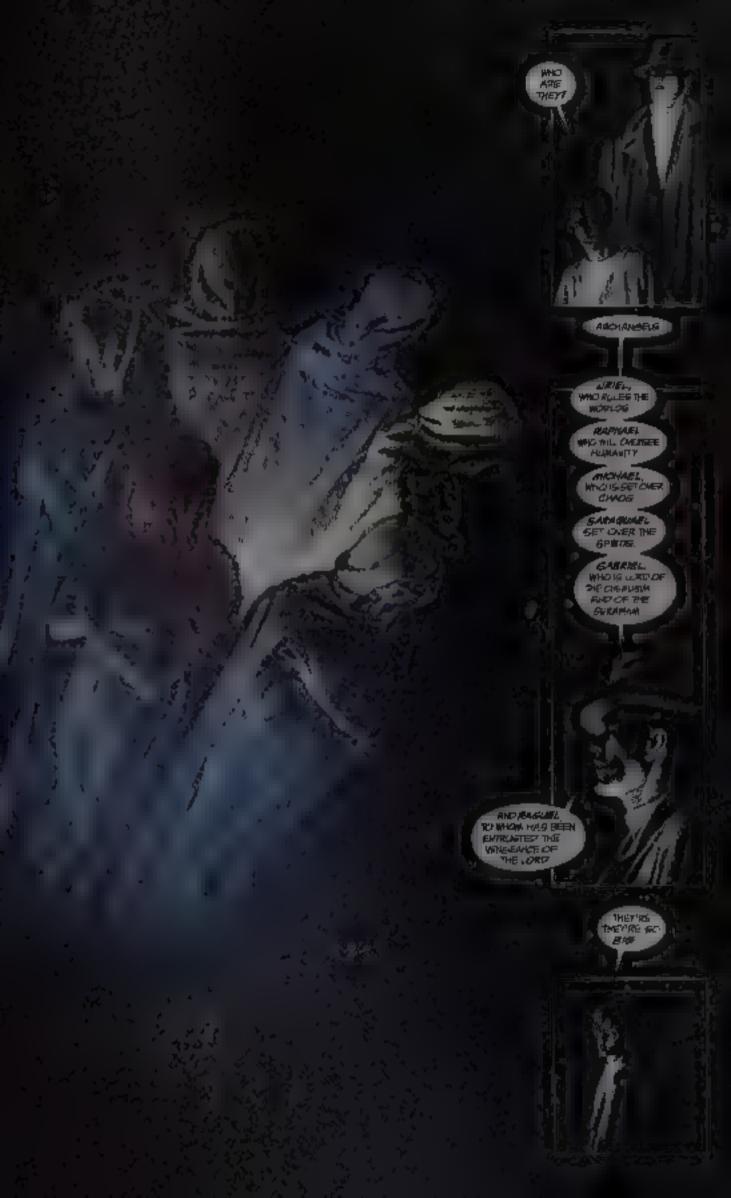




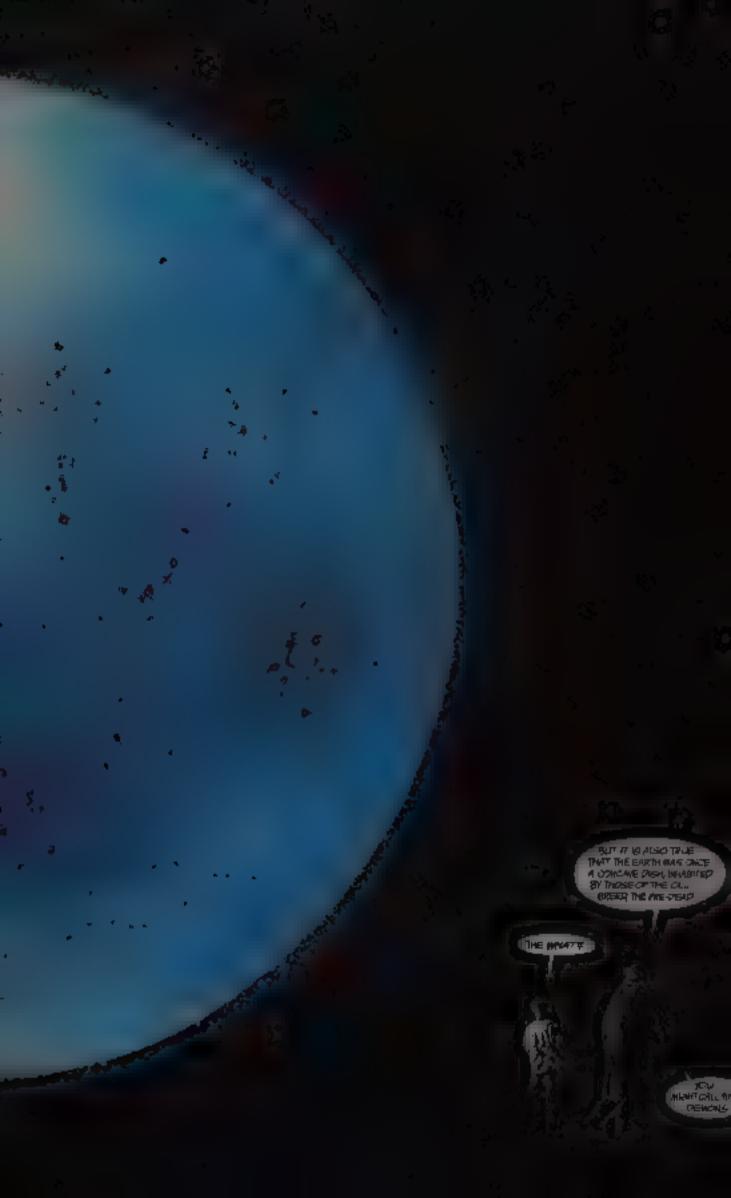














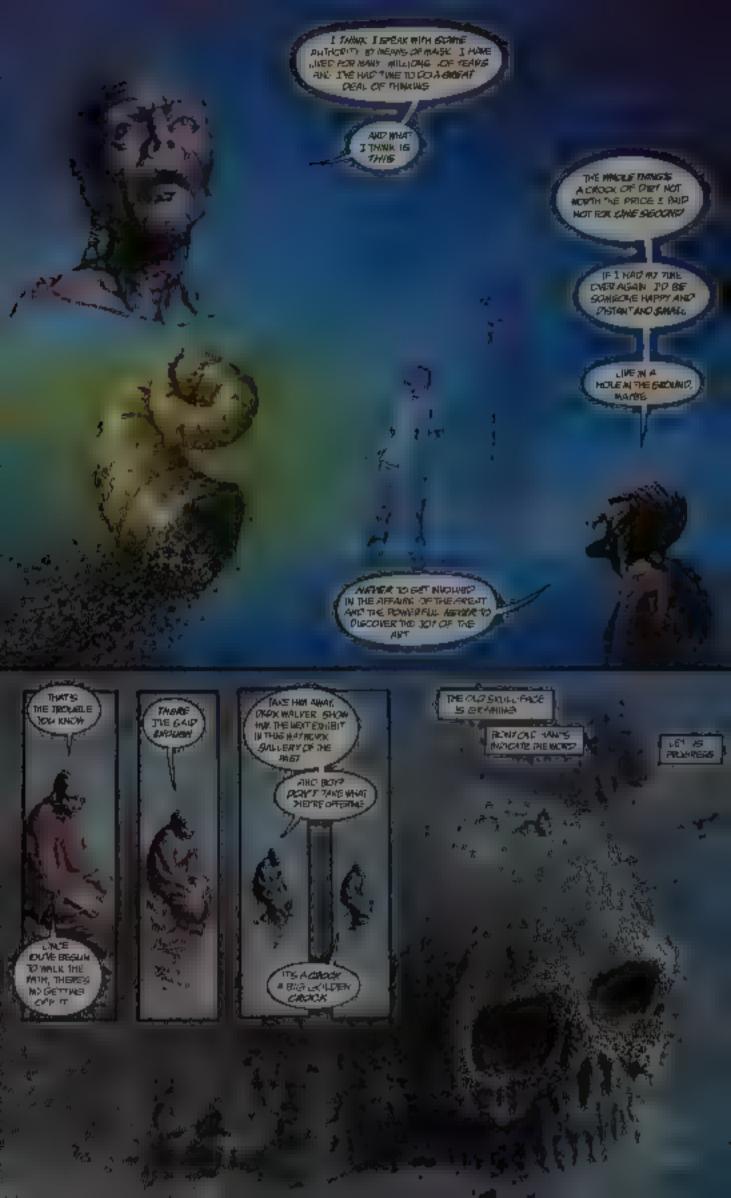
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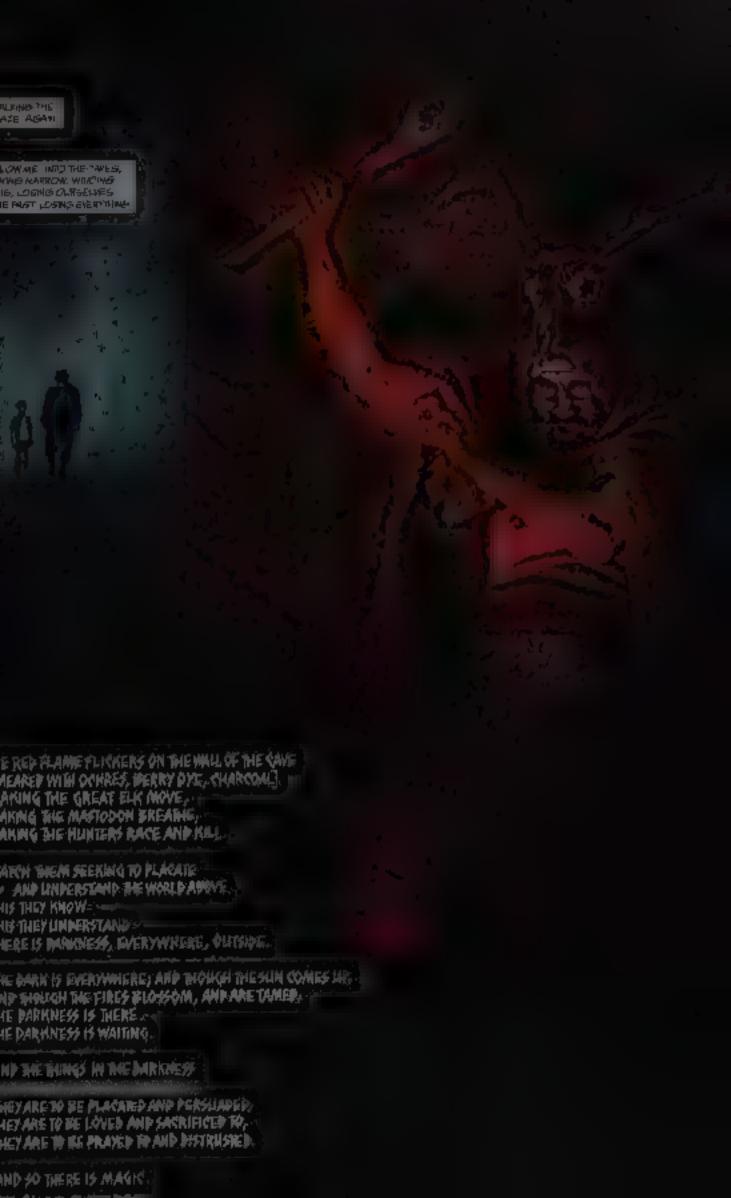
PART OF THE ARCHITE ABOUTET

BY THE VANASHED CONTRIBUT THELE

SOON TO WHASH FOR SOOD NAME TO UNDERSTRING ABOUT ATLANTS, 46 THING









FROM EAR EN'TH AND DISTANT CHILL BY THE WATERS OF THE YEARD'N RIVER

THE PROPERTY ARE WALKING, INSTITUTES HE SHEET FURLETTS,
"REFERE SOFTITS, BUT REED THEM AT A DISTRICT OF THEOLOGY,
THE CORDS OF THEMING HERVENS HILLE EXPRESTS OF THEOLOGY,
AND THE WO WARMAN DREAMS OF THEM BANDED GROVES.
THE CORD OF THE EAST COMES TO LODGEN HER ROBER OF WHILE WHINEBOX
SHE PREAMS THEY RIDE IN A FISH STALE CHARLOT,
FLANKED BY GRIFFINS
AND IN THE SKY PATHER KITES ARE FLATTERING.

WHEN SHE WAKES HE IS DONE
FOR A WHILE SHE LIDITERS PACING TO AND FAIL

SHE DREAMS AGAIN:
FROM MEETINGS AND PARTINGS NOME CAN EVER ESCAPE,

NOR FROM MASIC



IN THE LANGE OF OF AND LOURS.

WHO IS HE FROM WACK

WE WALL IF A SHOULD REMISS ARREST NEEDS CLOTTEDS.

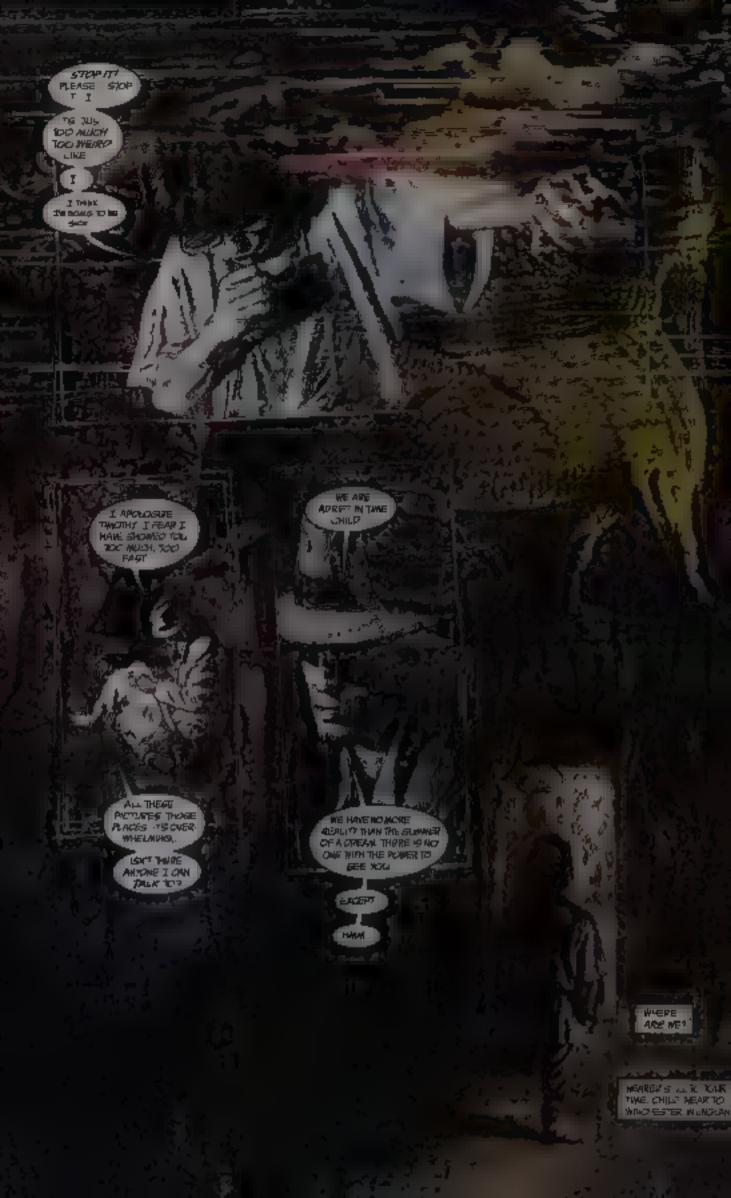
LEFT AWAY A WALLE

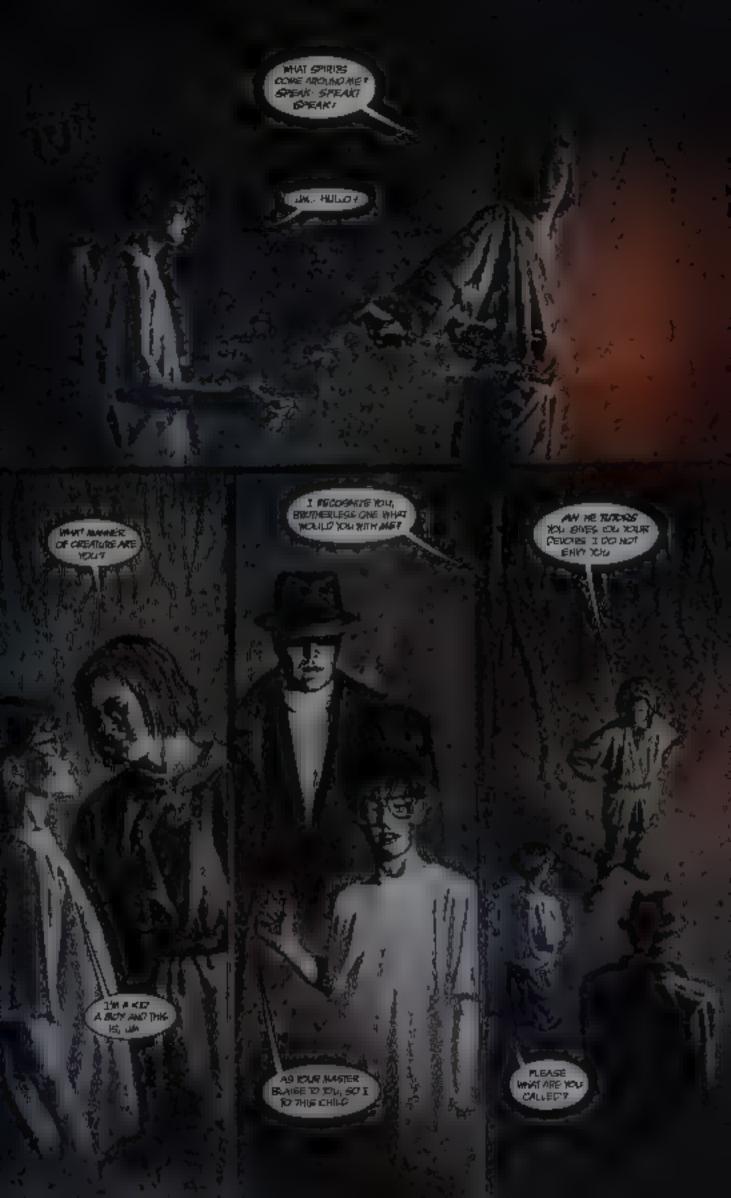


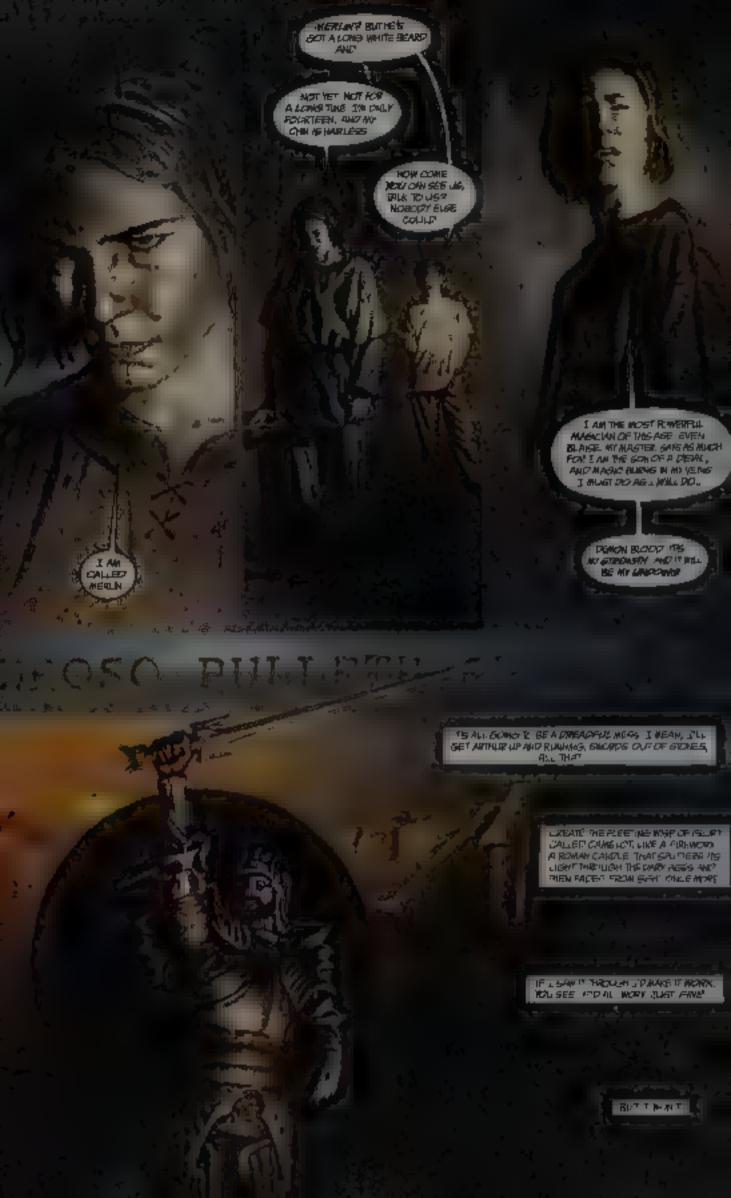
THE WIR HIGHTON ALWERS HAS THEET FACES, WHO WE IN AT HE CROSS (LALIS),
FOR YOUR SACRIFICAS;
WATTO IN THE LINDSAWARED
IN THE SALED GROVES,
IN THE MORN
SHE STIS GENERATH A DEAD KING HANGING FROM A TREE ERRANCH,
AND WILL SHOW YOR ZEE, MANNER OF ELEGANT CHARMS.

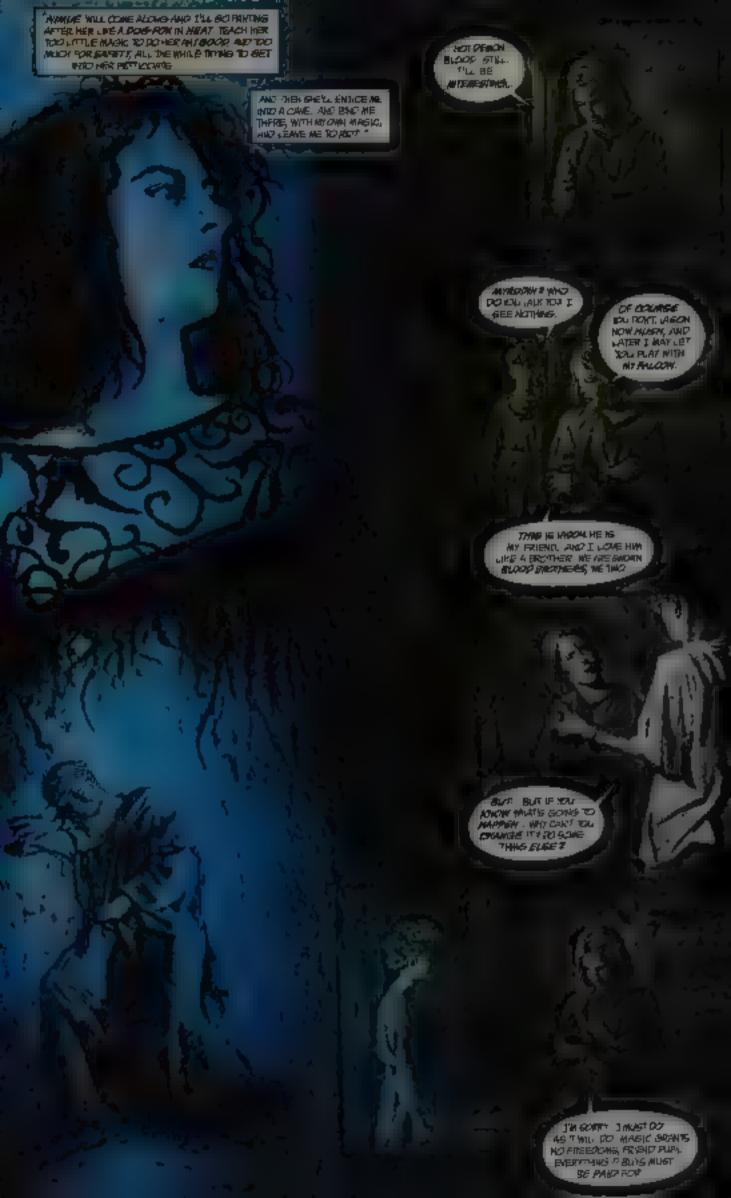
ΔΡΑΛΟΔΙΙΔΒΑΛ ΔΕΚΑΧΔŞ

MAGR





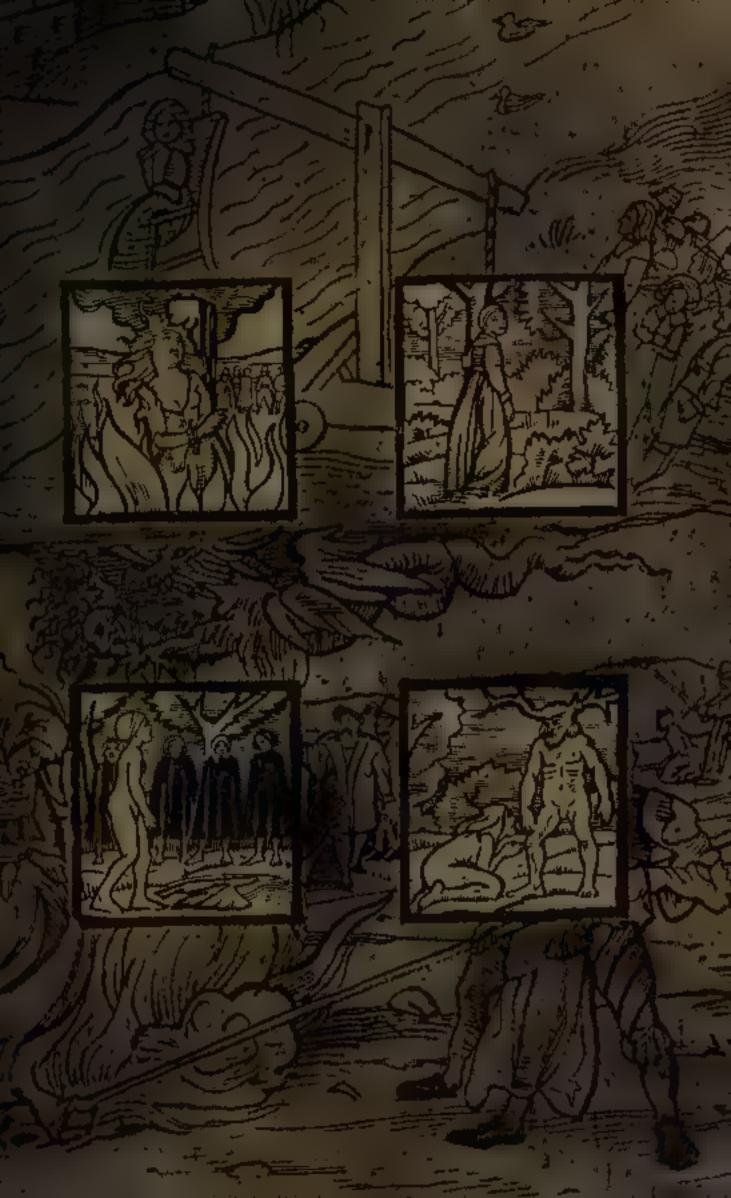




MY AGE JUST ABY COURT FOR WHAT ALL DOT COURT I BE AS ACHIEVE AS ABSUNT ROMARIUS A STEAMS WORD TO USE, NATIONAL ATTHIN L SUPPORE 50 THERE IS NO CRIMON BLOOD
IN YOUR YENS, CHILD BUT, YES, I'VOW CHOOSE THAT PATH, YOU COULD
BUT THE JONOTAL BOY FOMER
THAT MERLIN WAS. PERCHASI YOU WOULD PUT T SMEKET LIVE IS WAS SAINS THAT HE ANSW HIS LIFE WASHT SOME TO WERK OUT AND HET? WASHU! MIPPISCHED ON A TAME, THAT IT WOULDN'T BE WORTH IT







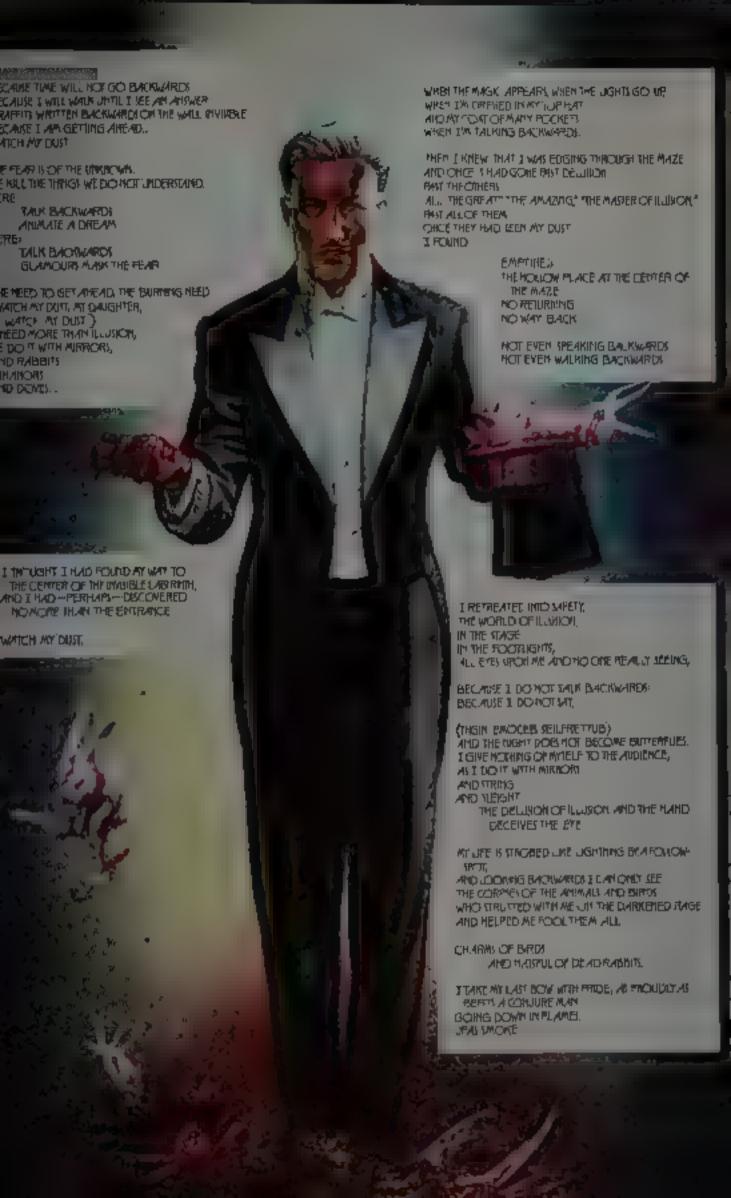
3 - I'M NOT SUEE I UNDERSTROOM ALCOHAT PEOPLE KUL WHAT THEY FEAR MICTURY THEY BURNET! AND PROMISE?

AND KANGED THOSE THEY SAW AS
WITCHES, THE PROVING SERVING SAGE
AND THE UNDOSUBATE, THE LOST
AND THE STRANGE MALE IN THE FORESTS AND THE PASH PLACES AND SESCIE THE GREAT STONIES, THE OUZ RELISIONS ENTERED TOCKENT SEEN METHER'S ANY REAL MASIC ANYMORE NOT LIKE TH'AS WHENE JUP ALL THE MASIC 607 HUCH MAGIC INS LIST WHEN THE AND LISTINGS OF ATLANTIC SANK AUTHOLISM MISPLACED NOULD ATTAPS. BY A MODE PRICES THEM RETWEEN THE RAIN ASS.)
AND THE MUTCLE ACRES MANYOF
THE POMENS OF FREILE AND
BRANARYE EFT THE PLANEROR
SOCIO SOME FOR CHE FLACE,
LECHE FOR PARCHER AND AS SCIENCE AROSE TILET LITTLE ROUM FOR MASK #H7 7

SCHENCE IS A WAY OF TALKING ABOUT THE LARNESSE IN WORKS THAT BRIDT IT TO A COMMON REALLY'S MAGIC IGAMETIKOP CETALXRIGHD THE INTIRESS IN MORES INJULTUT CANNOT CHICAGO THE THEO APE PAREL: COMPATIBLE SO WHAT ARE YOU GAYNG? THAT MASIC CIBD OUT B) MY TIME? NO BUT WED MASK IS A THING IF THE RAST AND SINCE THERE ARE
ALMAYS THOSE WHO MOULD BURN
THOSE THEY PERCEYE AS MITCHISS,
MANY TRUE MASCUMS ADDPTED
NEW EARS, ALDONG SECTION ON
BY DISCRIBEND TIGHT PLANNER SHOW I'VE SOME THE EARLY PECADES OF TOUR CAN CENTURY HIS NAME IS ABIT NO. 67W HIS IS ALBOY CALLED FATE DIS FATE THE HELM IS CALLED MEEL IN E FOLIATION IN A PREMIE HE IS A MARKEN AND HE CONSIDERS HARRELP A HERO AT NEWTTHE NELHET MUNULUS TO HIM NEWFERS THE PHOT, WHISTERS A WORLD OF PLOS OFFIRE, DEAD ANCT STILL CR PATE

THAT'S SPACENTY WHAT HAPPENED FORWARD 10 KBNT NELDON? HE DIECT HIS FLESH WAS MOSTAL THE HELD REMAINS

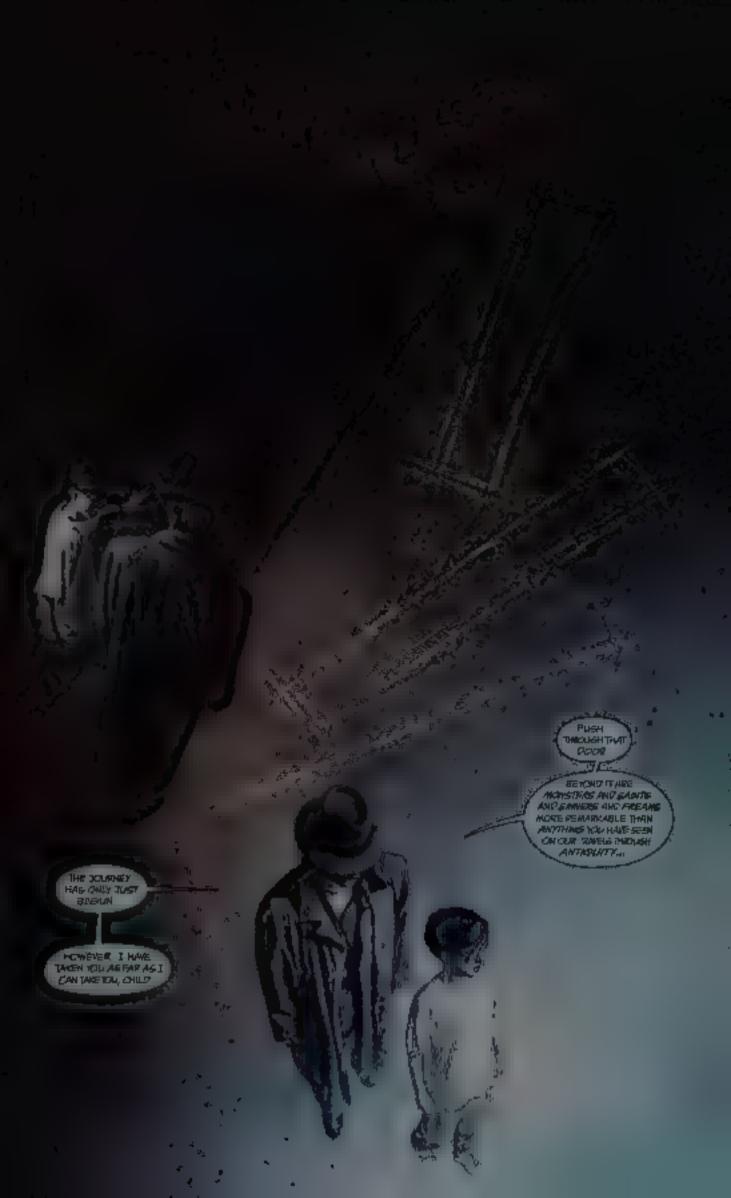
JOHN CONSTANTINE WILLDERING TO TO TO
CLASSEN THE SERVANTS,
AND PERSHAPS MISTER &
WILL SHOW NOT THE
FATE, ASSES HINCE AMPSTROLL ASTRUMBOLL PLEAGE PLEAGE TAKE A SEAT A MISE MAK CAICE POINTED OUT THAT THE PLACE TO HITE A FALLEN EAF IS NA FOREST OFTEK THE BEST MIDNIG PLACE (SILPLAN VIEW WHO'S THAT'S HIG NAME IS ZATORA HEB THE FATTER OF THE STREE MAGICIAN CALLED ZATANNA, STILL ROTTVE IN YOUR CAY HER! I GAW HER I'N BONATHAN BORG SHE WAS BRILLIAM? THERE IS A LONG LINEAGE OF ENCHAPTMENT HIS LIPÉ

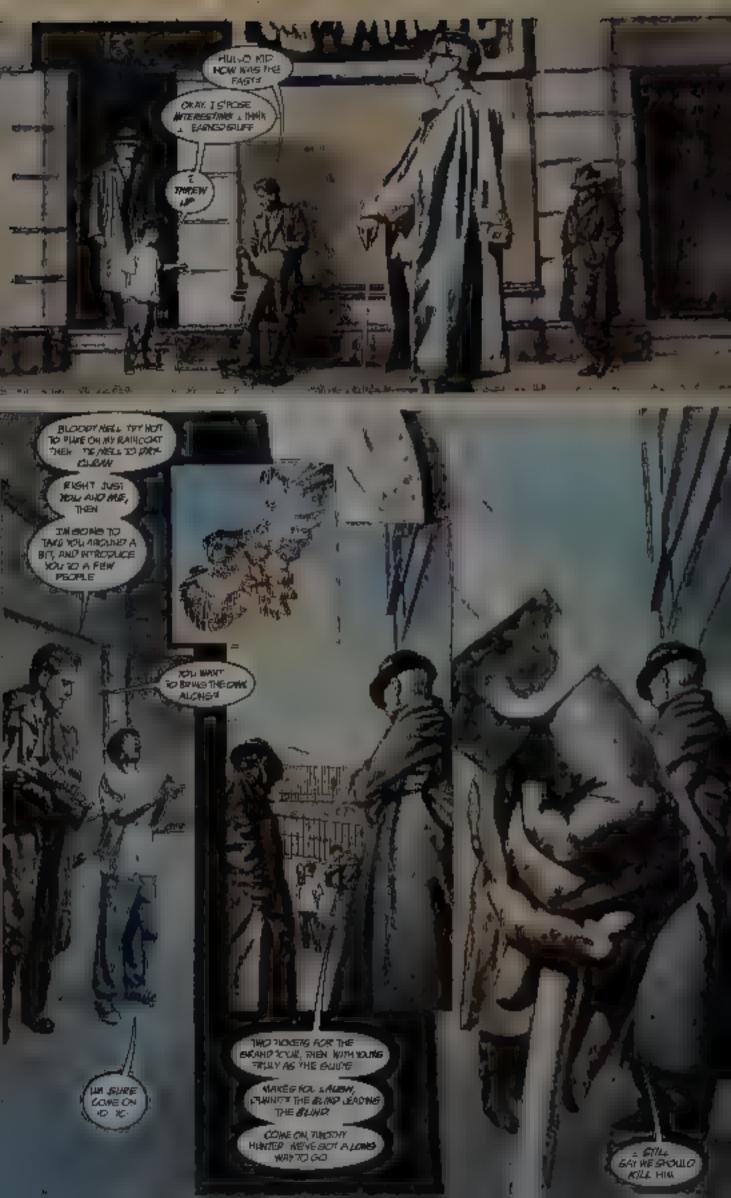


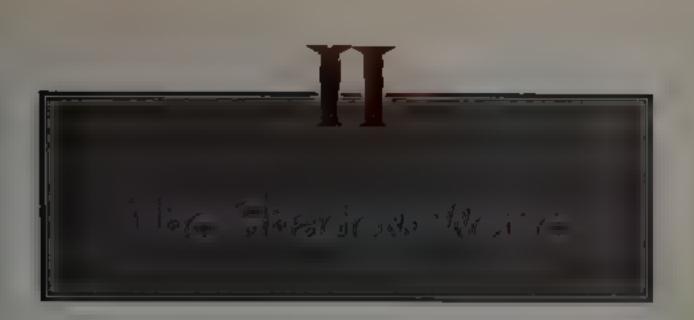


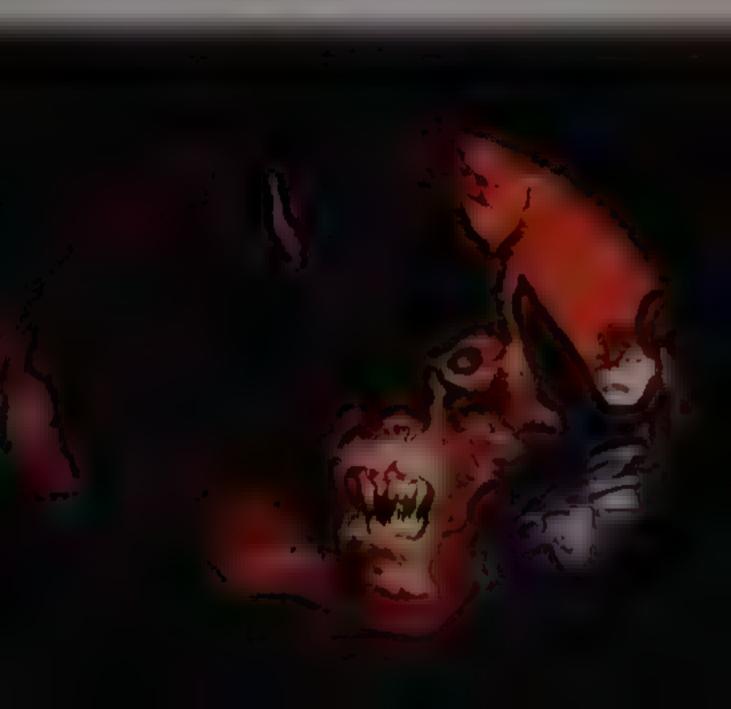
















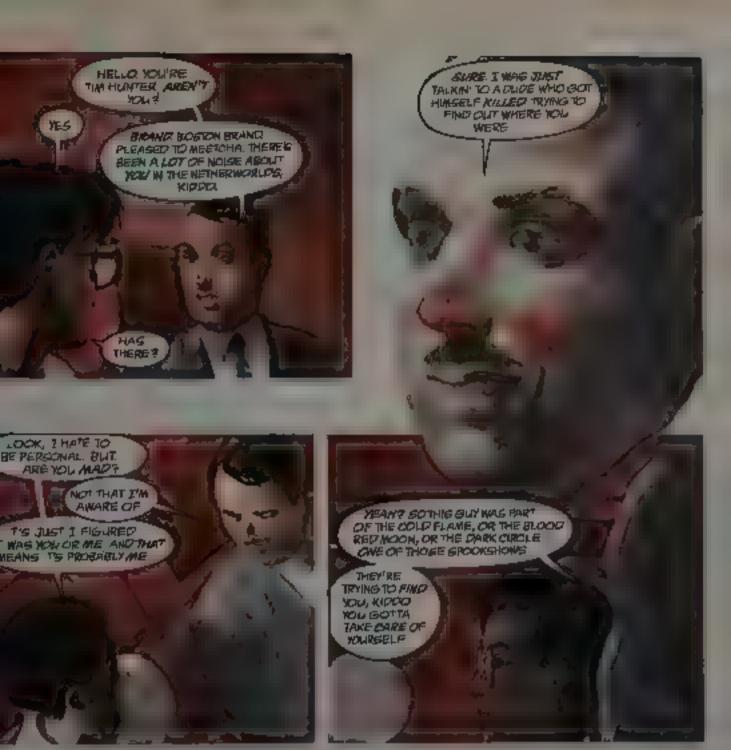




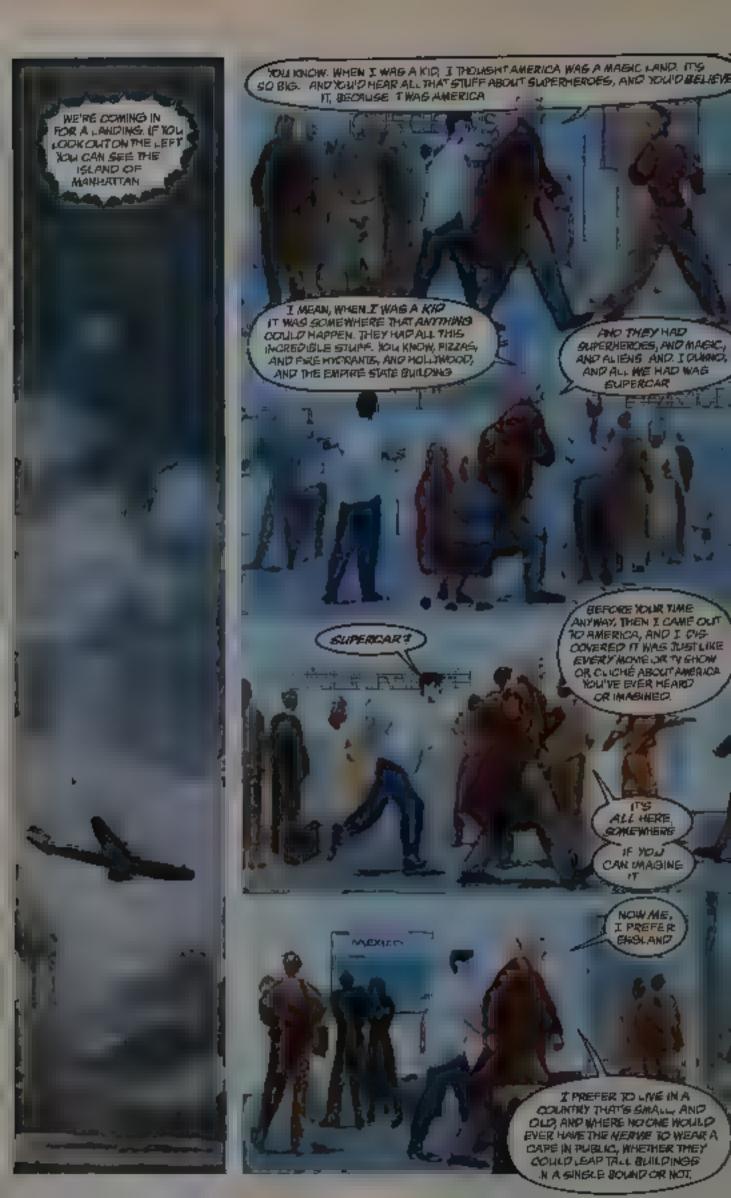
















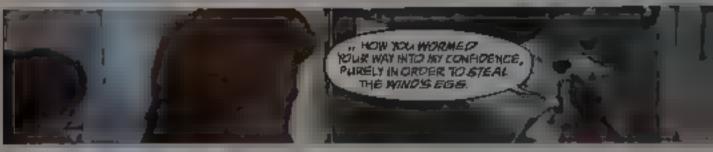
























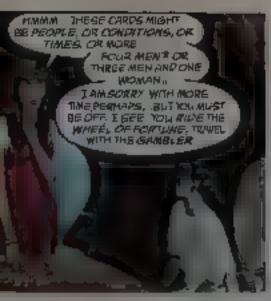






















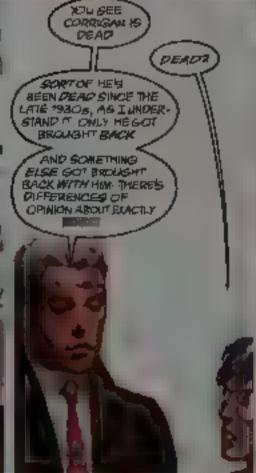




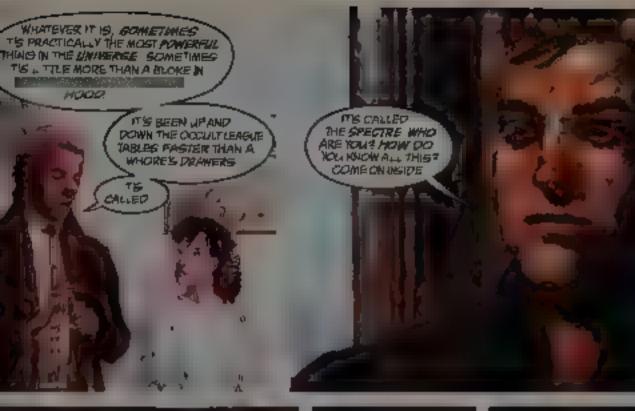










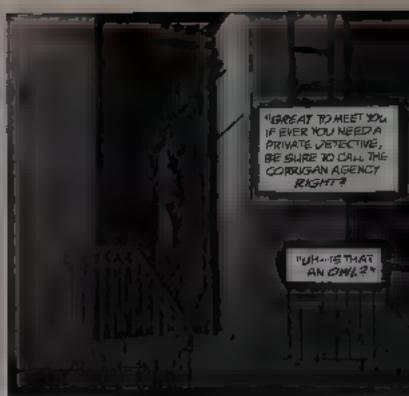


























THE FORCES OF DARKNESS ARE ALWAYS AMUNOUS, CHILD AND THE LIGHT CRIES DUT EVER FOR VENGEANCE

THERE IS LIGHT AND
THERE IS DARK NESS. AND
I CANNOT REST UNTIL THE
DARKNESS IS DESTROYED
AND THE LIGHT SMINES
INTO THE MEARTS
OF ALL.



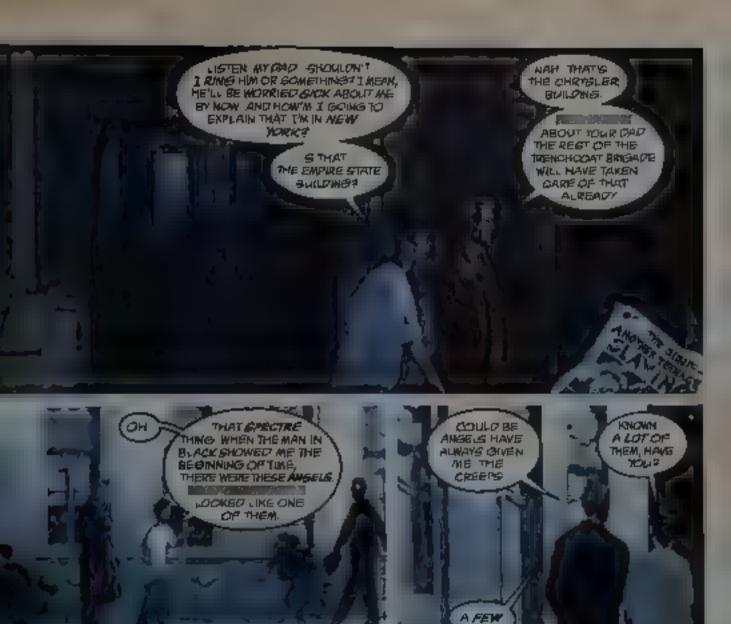
THEY
WILL TRY TO
KILL YOU, AND
THEY WILL TRY
TO SECUCE YOU.
STAY PURE, CHILD
STAY PURE







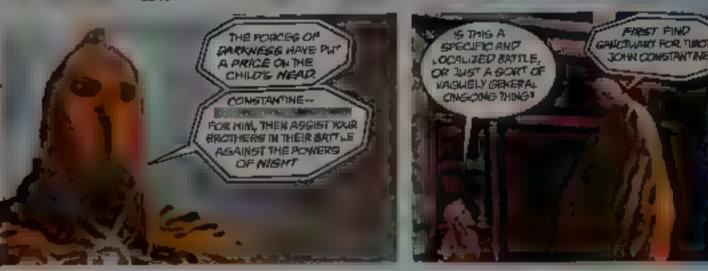




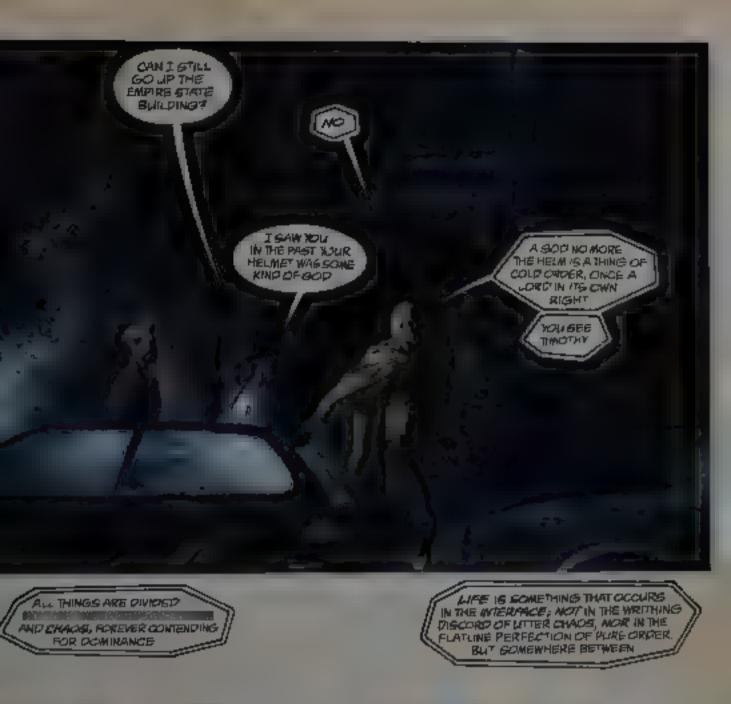




























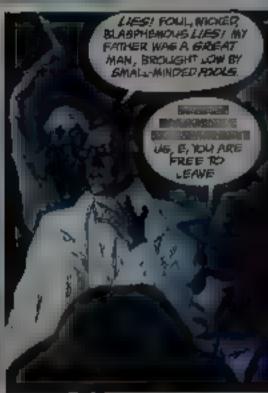


































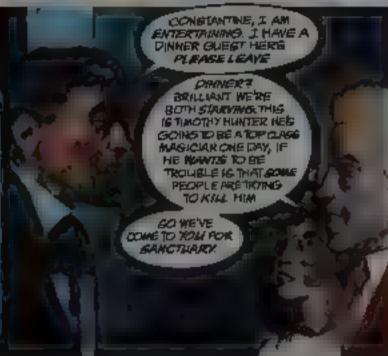


















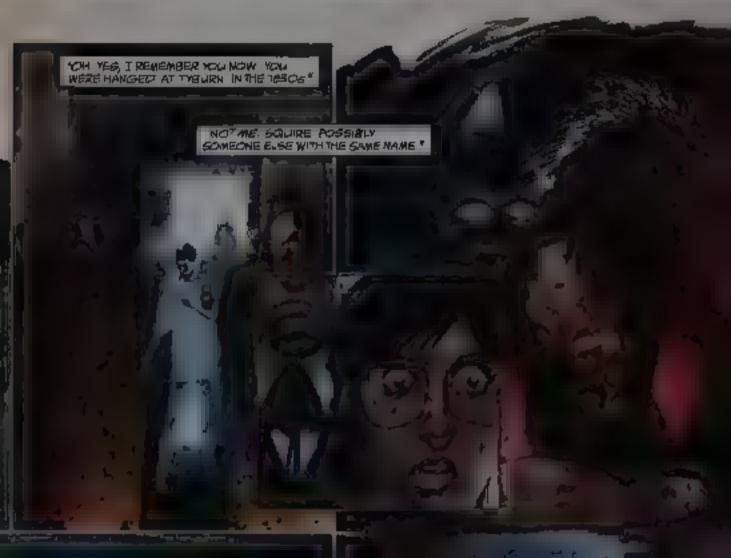


















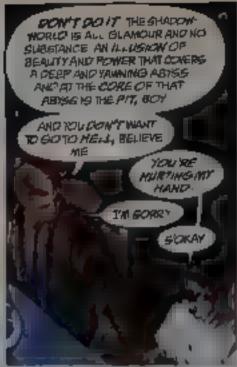








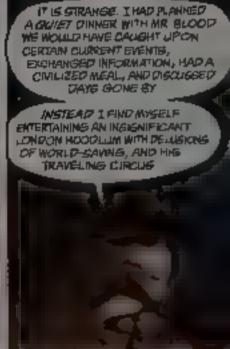


























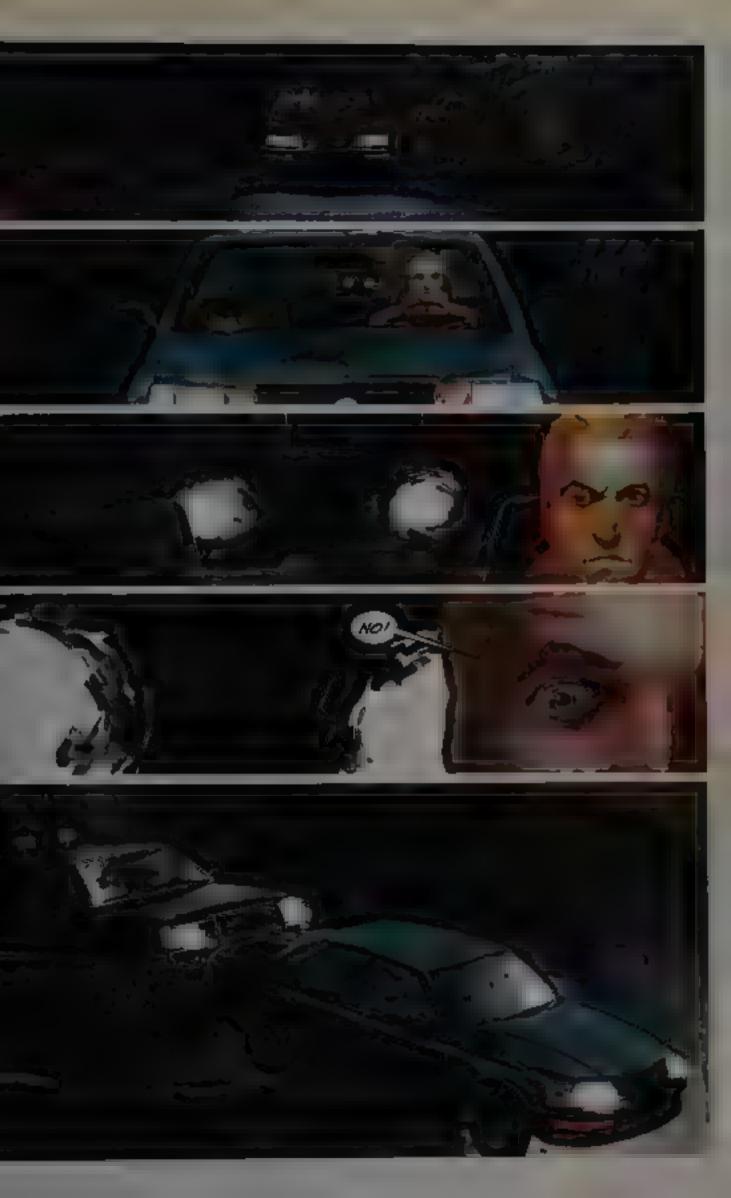


















THEY'RE STILL

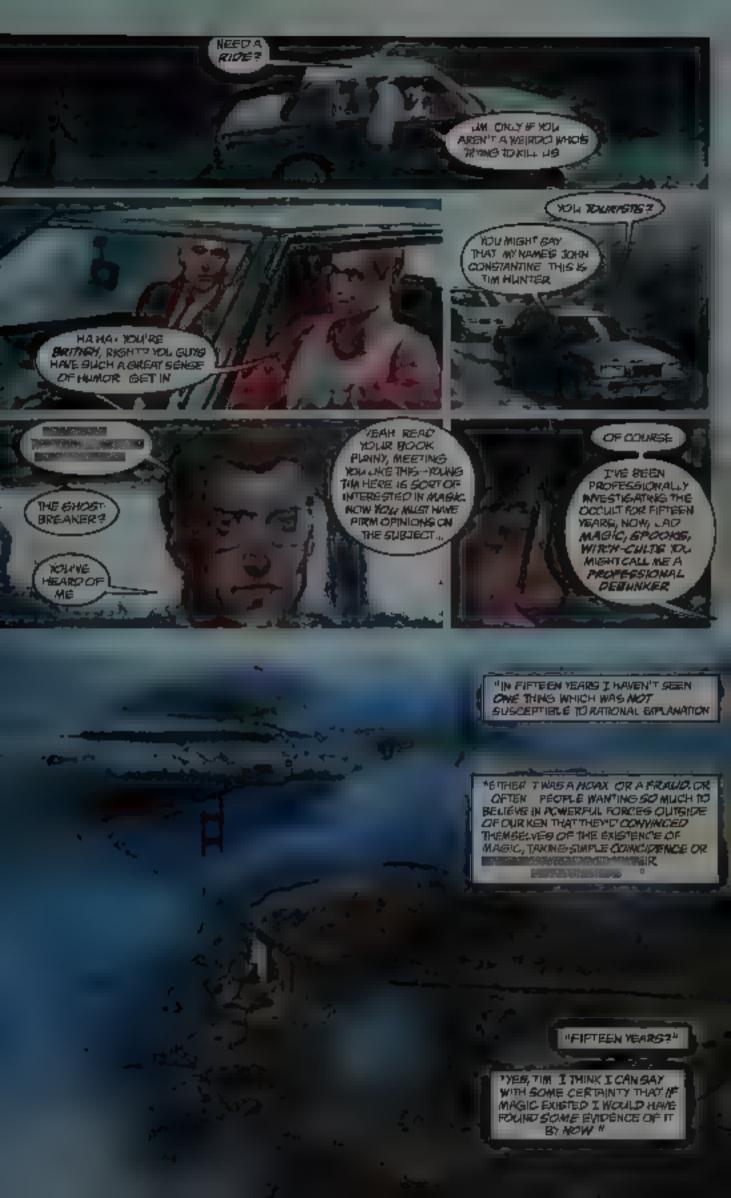
AFTER US, TWI THE
SOCKER WE GET TO
SAN FRANCISCO,
THE HAPPIER

I'LL BE

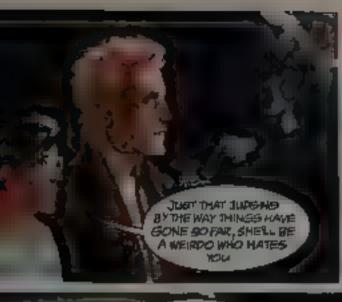
EYAHNIE MM WHAT HAPPENED, JOHNE WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

































































































ICEP WATER



















THAT STUFF I WAS TELLING

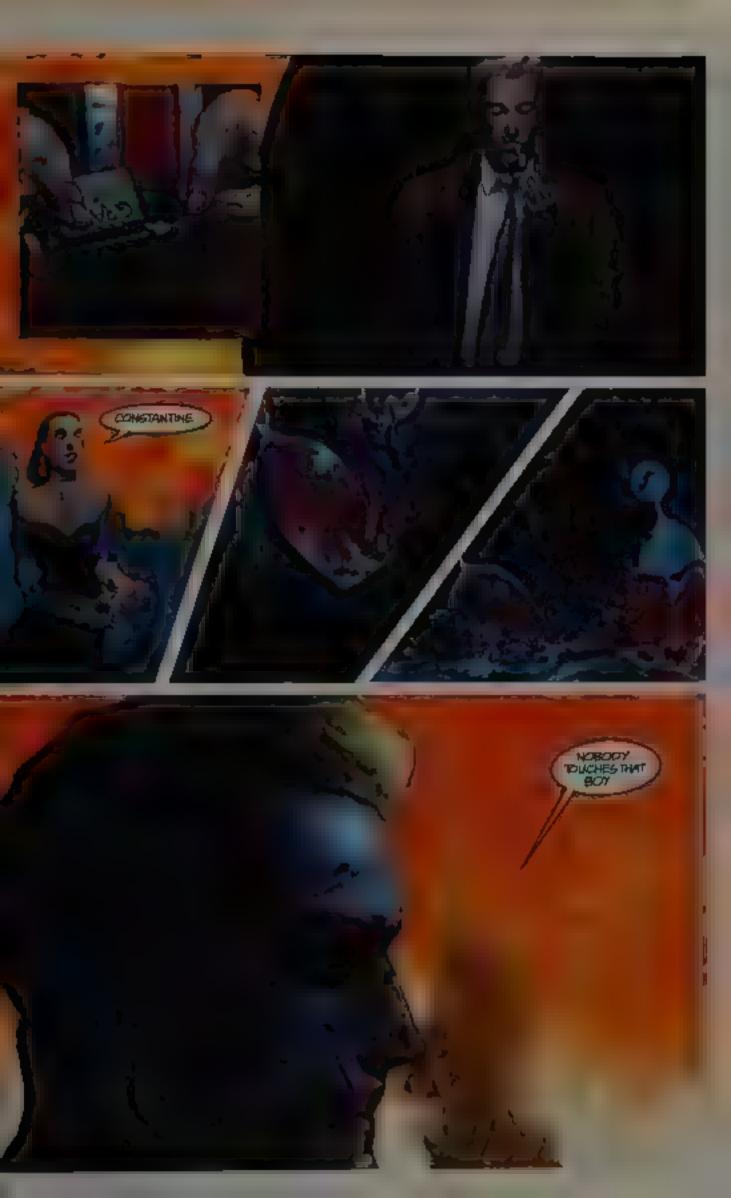






I AM THE MISTRESS OF ALL MIRRORS, WOMAN GIVE ME THE BOY OR ONE NIGHT YOUR REFLECTION WILL SNEAK OUT OF ITS FRAME AND OUT YOUR SLEEPING THROAT





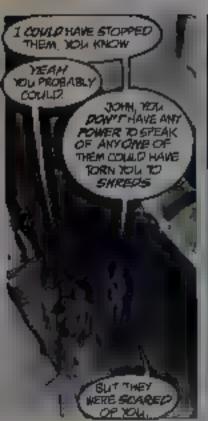


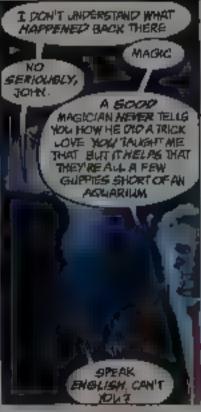
























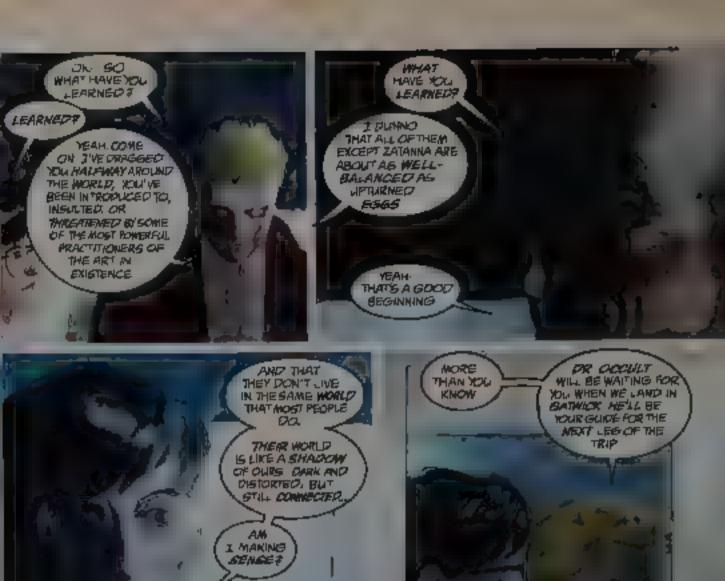
















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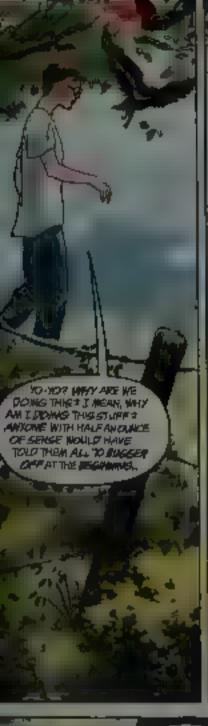
















































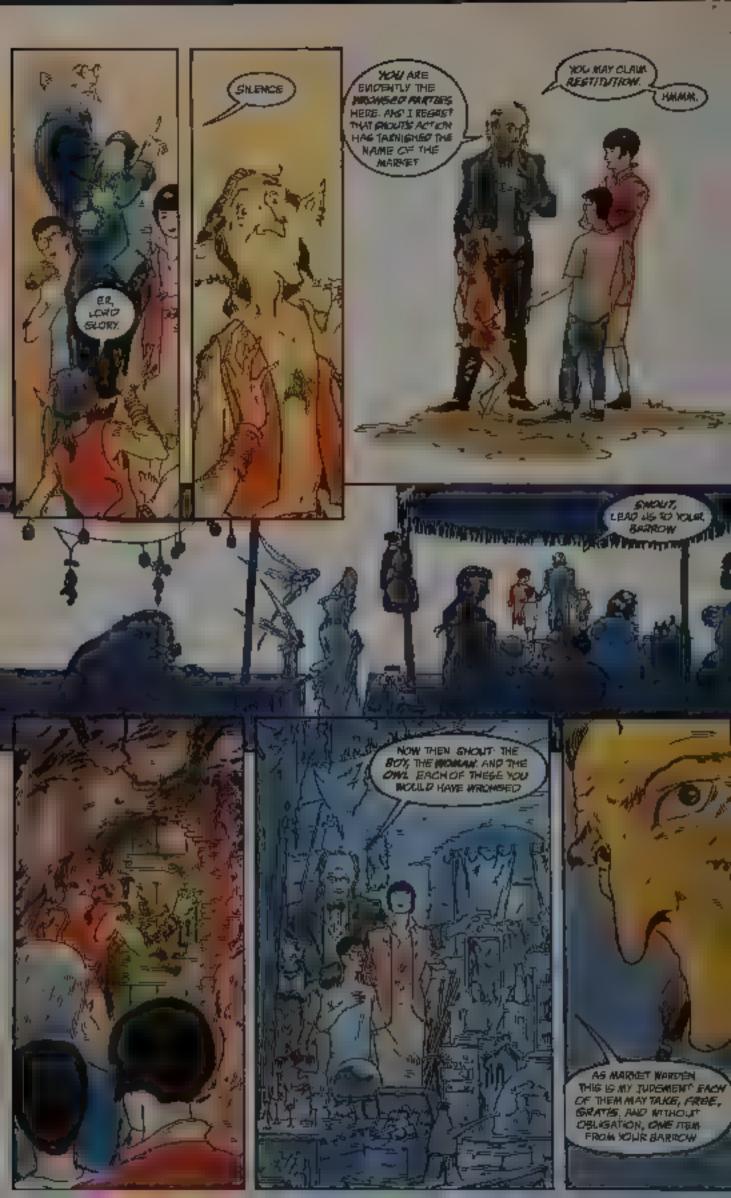






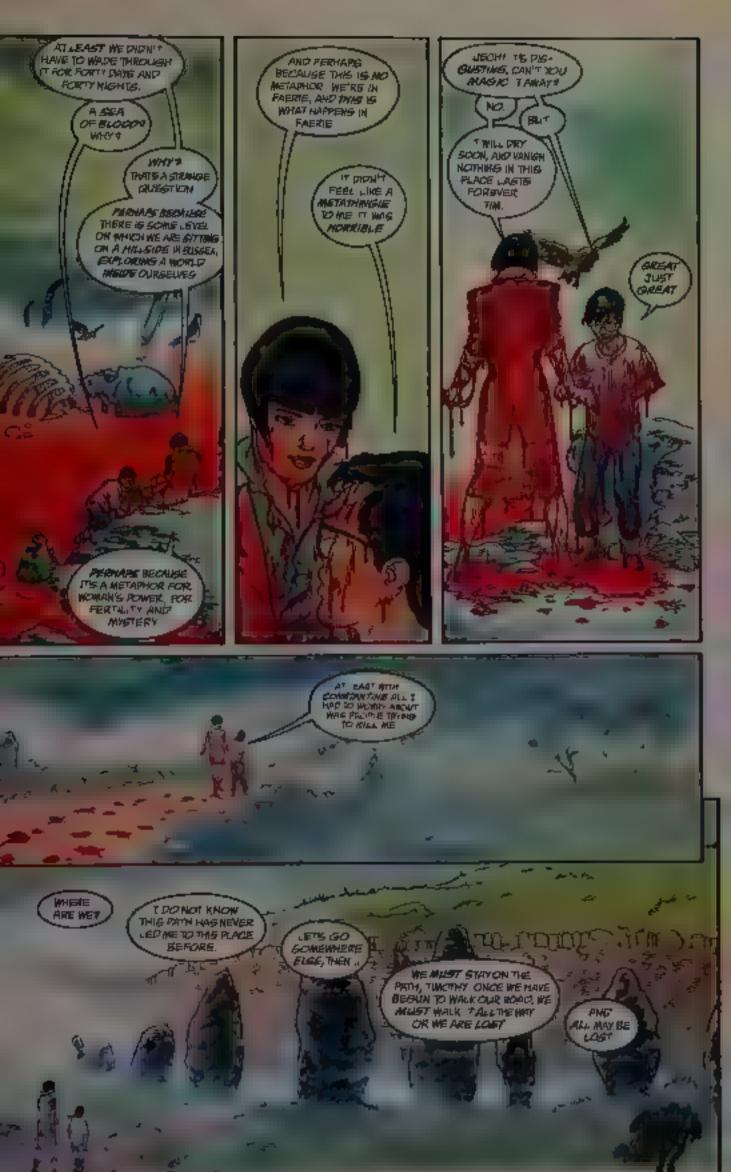






























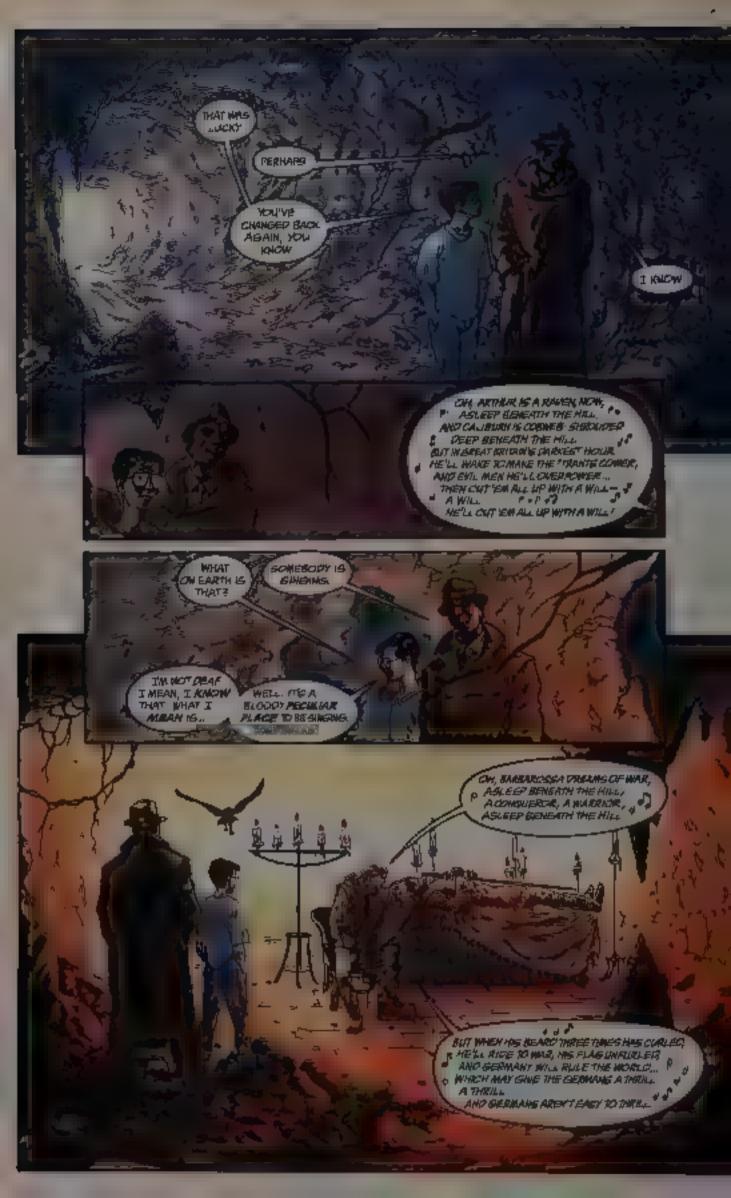




en u

WOULD YOU MIND REPEATINGS
THAT?









THERE WAS A MARRIAN WITH THEE ROSE, HER NAME WAS, AND I TUMBLED HER OWCE, BENEATH THE STARS ON A BED OF OUT BRACKEN





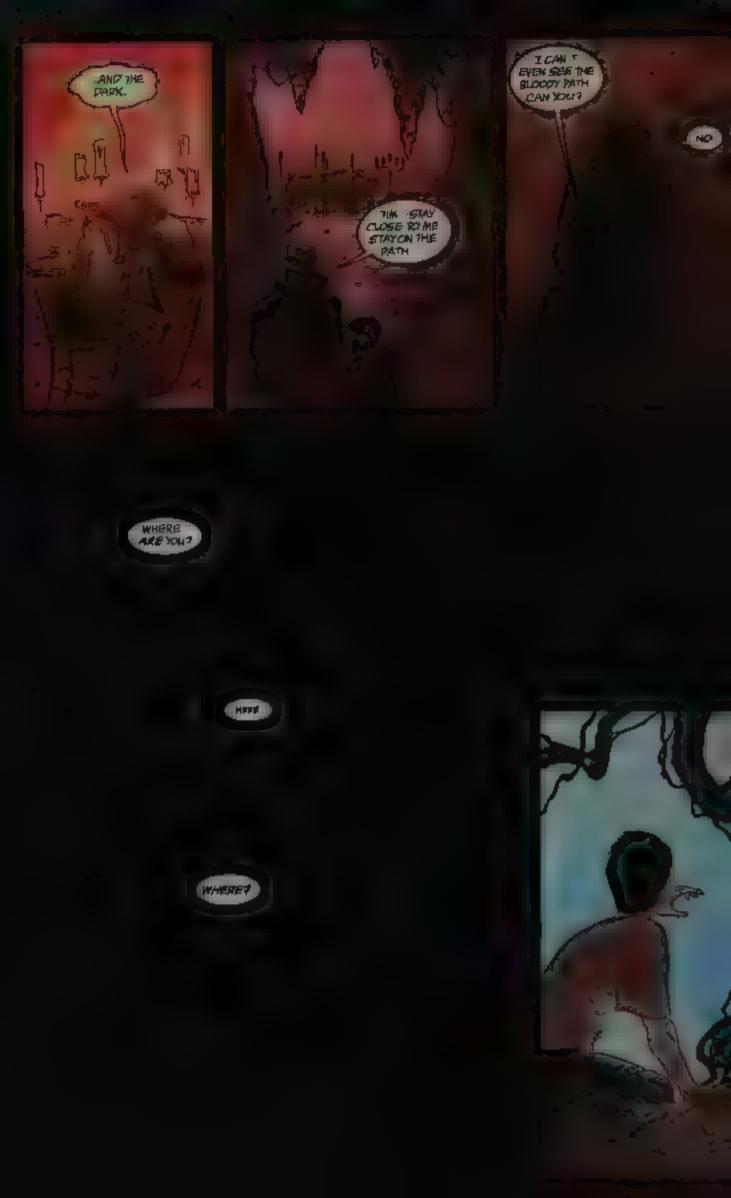














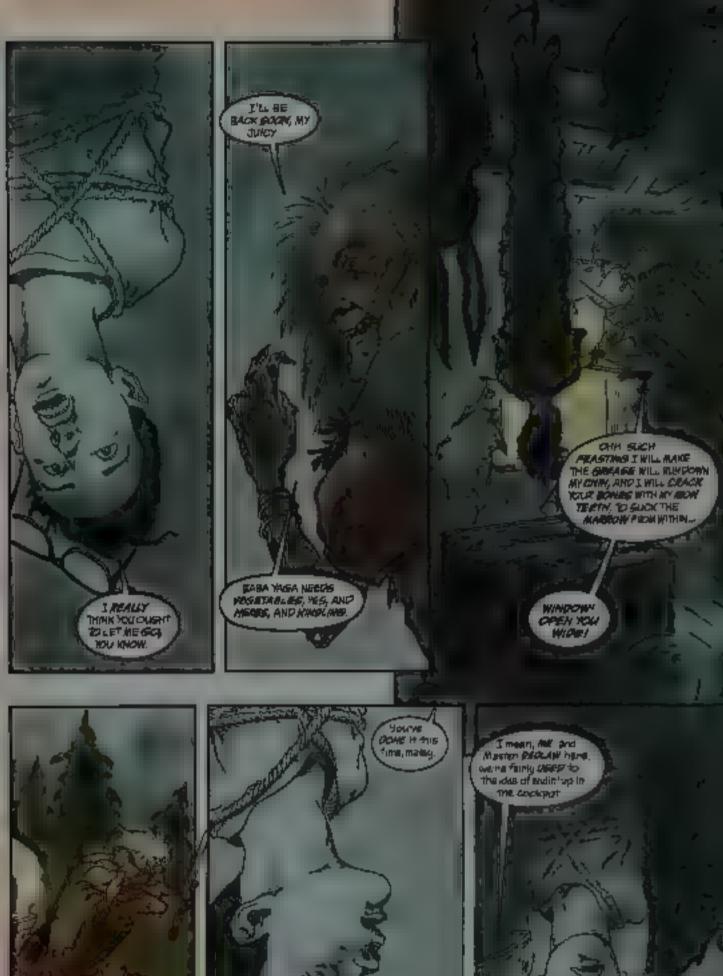




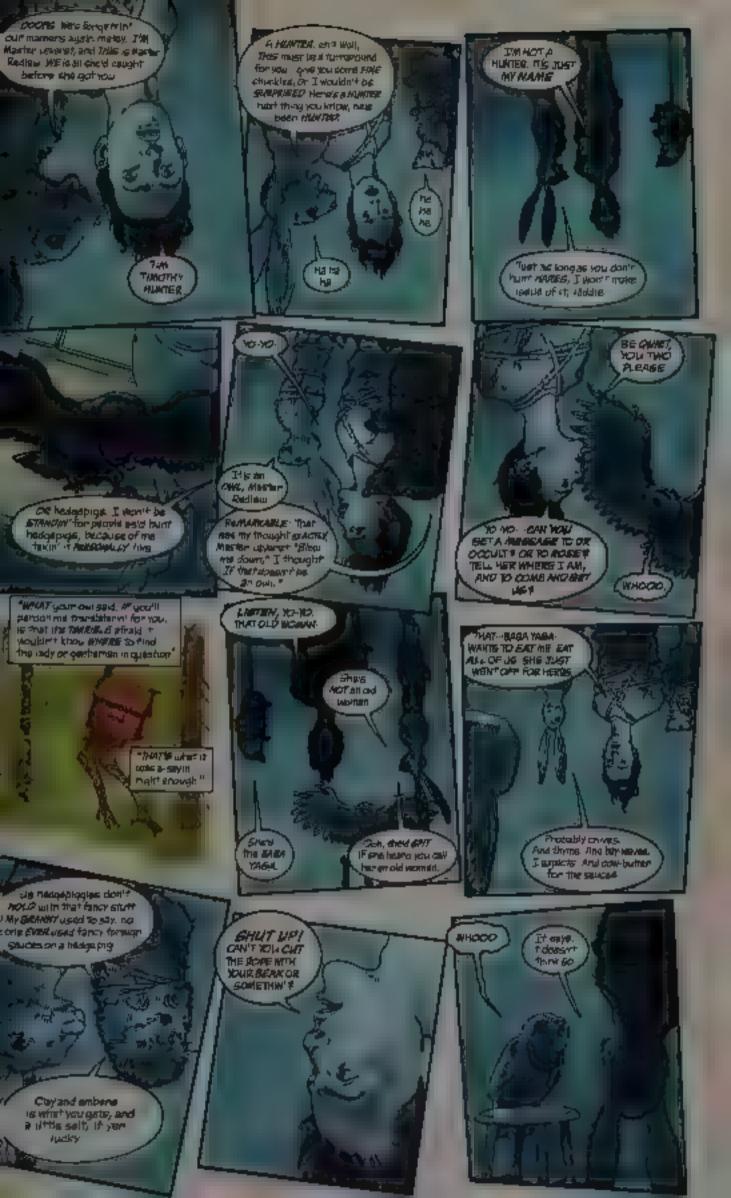


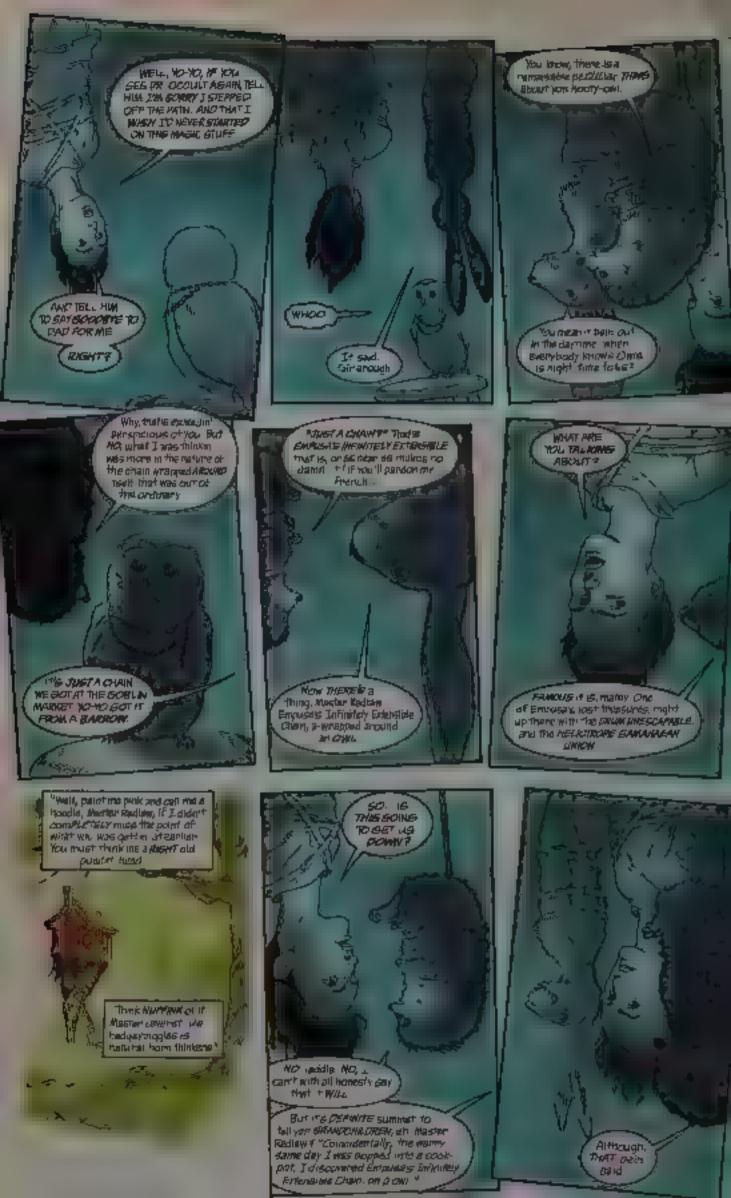


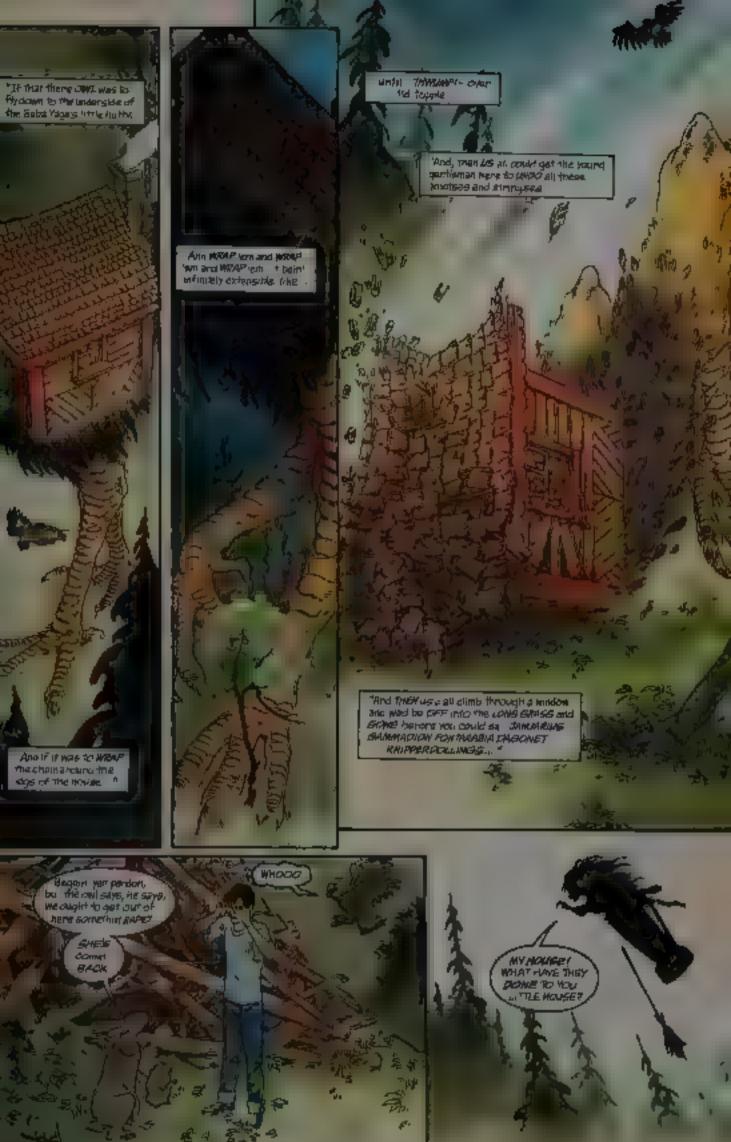




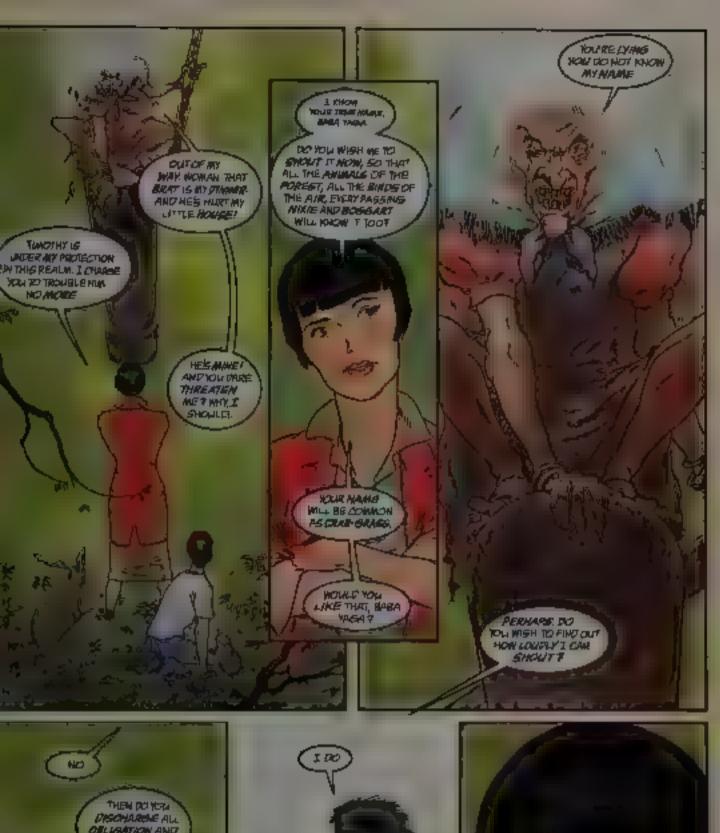










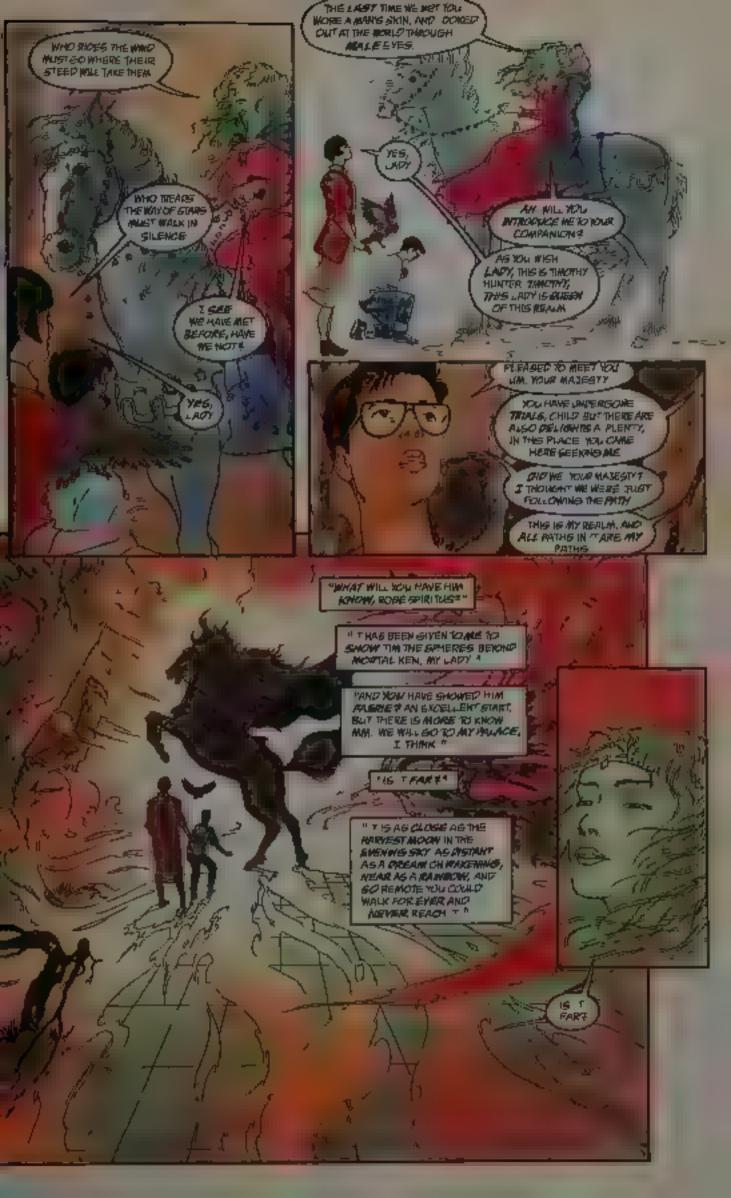


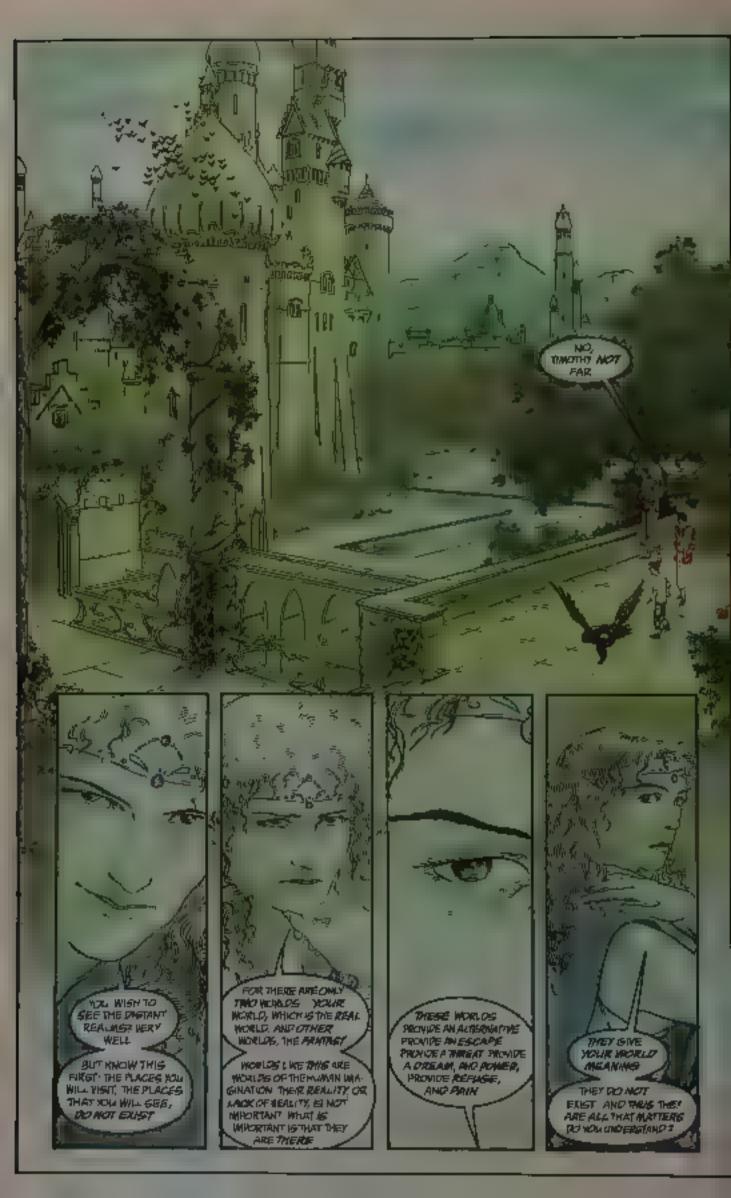






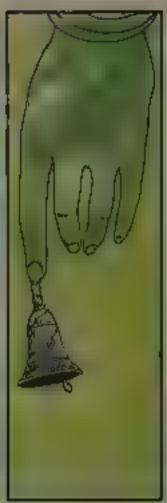


















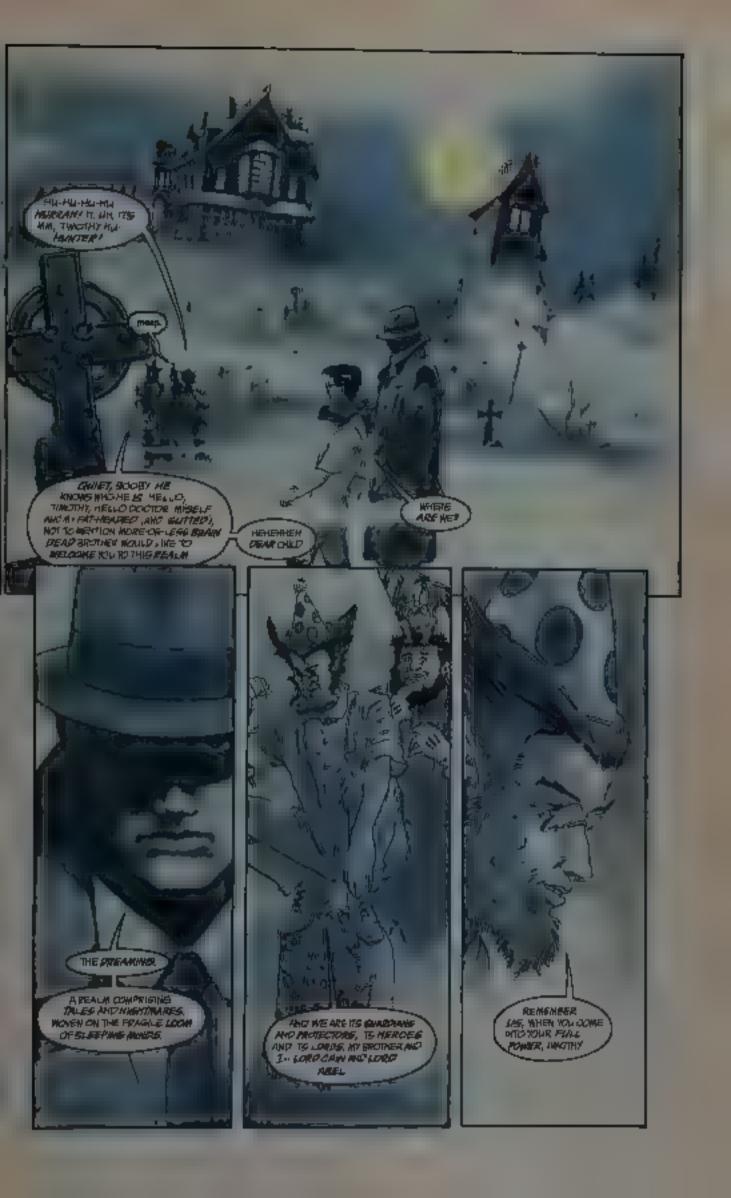


"I DID SOMETHING HTTOMES DIDN'T IS" "LATER TUNCTINY "FOR NOW. "THIS IS SKARTARIS A HORLD WITHIN THE WORLD - HERE DRIGGRAINS WOLLK AND TAKE DEFORMS AND TWISTS URON TSELF. "THIS WORLD IS COMMARATIVELY EASY TO ENTER FROM YOURS HADEED, AT PRESENT IT IS KILLED BY A MAN PROM EARTH BUT AS ONE TOUCHER. A NEW WORLD ONE IS ALSO TRUCKED. HE IS NOW THE WORLDS WARLOND, AS HIS DAUGHTER HAS SECOME. THE EMCHANTREGS. THERE "AHOTHER DOXOR "

THE WORLDS BENCHO CAN BE REFUSED.
TIMOTHY PERMISE EACH OF ME CREATES
HIS OWN FANTAST WORLD. A PLACE TO
WHICH WE CAN BETTERT HERE A COUNTRY
CALLED MYRRA, THERE THE LAND OF
PYTHARIA, AND AT THE ROSE OF EVERY
MAR. HERE BE DRAGONS! "IN YOUR WORLD JIM ROOK SANS GONGS OF BILLISHTENMENT AND LOVE: JUNIL HE WAS SECRED BY A KINGDOM OF BLOOD " WHERE COMPANIONS TO HEROME ARE FOREVER BRAVE AND TRUE .. "... WHERE EVIL WIZARDS POREVER BROOF ARMIES OF THE DEAD, AND THEN FOREVER FLEE. THEM SCHEMES IN JUNE... THERE GIANTS REFIRCTUM UNTIL THEIR HEADS ARE SEVENED BY HERDES SHORPS- EACH BLADE MANAG AND MASICAL "N THIS PLACE WITH HAVE GOOD WATE LIKE CLAN THE UNCONQUERGE, OR STAINER THE SOULLINES; ROOK BECAME WISHTMASTER, AND WILL FIGHT TO SAME THE WORLD, OR TO DESTROY T "In worlds such as this the terms Decime somewholes, I am apraid. "7, TOO, HAVE AN ENCHANTED SWORD, THOUGH I USE THAT RARELY ANOTHER DOOR \*

THEY CALL THIS PLACE "IN YEARS PAST, MANY THINGS "BENEATY THIS NOTICE THE ARCHMAGE IS CHAINED. IT IS HE THAT EMPOWERS THIS WORLD, HE WHO MAKES IT WHAT IT IS, ALTHOUGH THOSE WHO LIVE ON THE WORLD ABOYE WOULD NOT DREAM IT UNGRE TWELVE GREAT HOUSES, EACH NAMED APTER AGENISTICHE COMMON TO DIST AREA, PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT, LIAISE, BETRAY, MARRY AND MURDER "HERE THE BUN TIMES FROM THE ERSTEIN GEA, PRO HAS DECOME A MOOME" THE TIME IT SETS IN THE WATERS OF THE MEST AND THE WATERS SPILL FOREYER INTO THE HIGHT WALCOMER DOOR "

"HMM FAERIE AND THIS PLACE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN LINGED - BY RIGHT OF TITHE IF BY NOTHING EIGE "TRAG 45 MELL, TIM ONE TIMY ASPECT OF IT ANYWAY "HERE DO MANY PRIMANG MAKE TRAIR MOMES, THE TWISTED BEOMETRIES CONFORMING WITH THEIR OWN DARK INTERNAL VISTAG THEY CAN BE CALLED TO OUR WORLD, FOR A PRICE! THE PRICE IS TOO MUCH THIS IS A PLACE OF PARISHMENT, TIMOTHY THUSE WHO BELIEVE THEY MUST ARONE. INFLICT THIS PLACE AND ITS TORTUPES UPON THEMSELMES "CHTIL THE" MINDERSTAND THEY, MITT THEY REAL ZE THAT THEY, AND ONLY THEY WAT GOODS OR PEMONS - CREATE THER HELL. AND BY THIS THEY ARE PREED, AND TAKE THEIR LEAVE, PTHIS PLACE IS EVIL. TIMOTHY BUT PERSAPS A NECESSARY EVIL "ANOTHER DOOR



























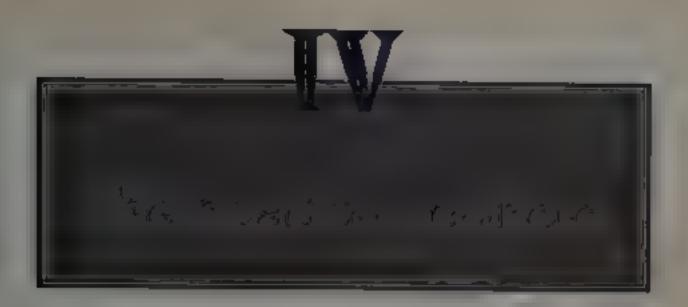


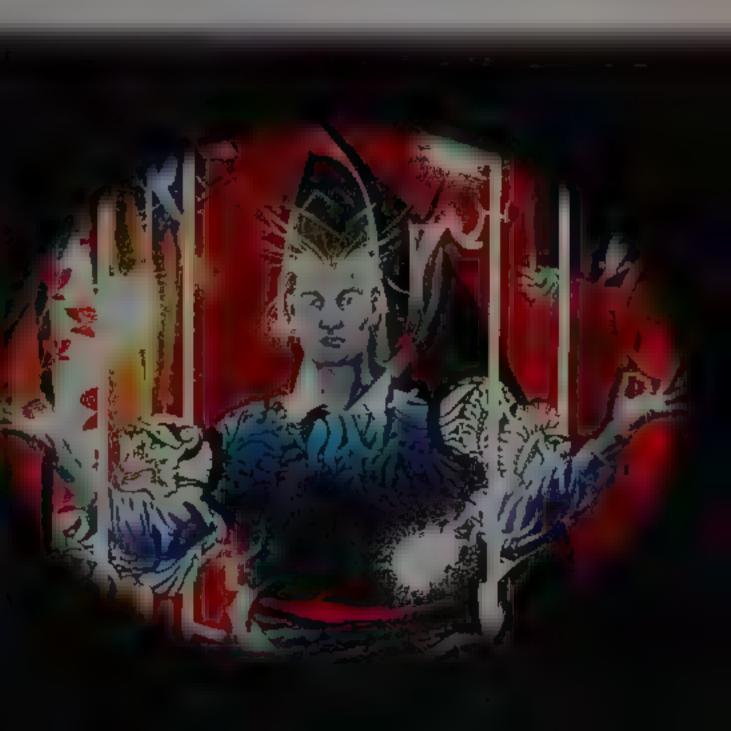










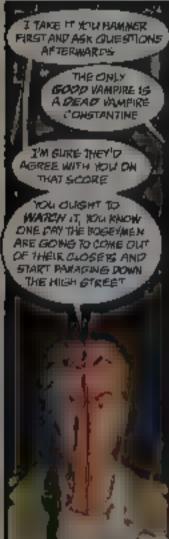














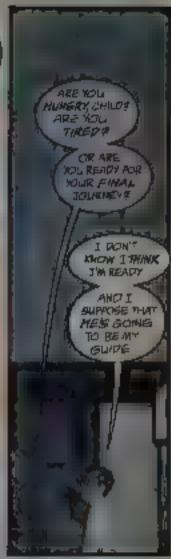




















STEP FORWARD. CHILD. JUST WALK? YES AND KEEP YOUR EYES THEMTLY CLOSED AS YOU WALK, WHILL I TELL YOU TO HALT, AND TO OPEN THEM Where are we Soing a Are You Going To show me my Future? POSSIBLY MALKING I PONT KNOW ABOUT YOU TWO, BUT I HAVE A BAD REELING ABOUT THIS NO, HE'S NOT BUT AR HAVE HO OTHER CHOICE CON XXX TRAVEL INTO THE FLITURE SOWN CONSTANTINE 7 HE'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D TALL WELL-BALANCHO, ONLY LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, BOSE YOU KNOW MIMILITE AT A YOU CAN NOW BOY WE ARE FIFTEEN VEARS IN YOUR FUTURE THERE
ARE VERY FEW
STALLE FUTURES,
BOTY







MORE BHOSTS? SORT OF WE'RE FROM THE MAST CAN YOU SEE US! ekhhack e ekk kope I DON'T KNOW. I THINK I MAY BE DELIKIOUS. SHIT BLOOD I DON'T WANT TO DIE E HAD THE RIGHT DEA. BASTARD TIM2 TIM HUNTER? I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUCH
A MICE KID. I SHOULD HAVE
STRANGLED YOU MYSELF, RIFTERN
YEARS AGO. OR LET THEM KILL YOU
WOULD HAVE SAVED US ALL A
LOT OF GRIEF WH WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, JOHNT WE RE FRIENDS. MHAT AM I 7ALKIMO ABOUT \$ POYOU GEE HIM, UP THERE T THE LEAVER OF THE OPPOSITION T NOT ITS NOT TRUE IT WON'T HAPPEN LIKE THAT IN THE BLJESUITT SURE MENTAL SERVICE COULD YOU ...
COULD YOU ISHT
THIS CHSAREITE FOR
MET THE MEHTER'S ON
THE GROUND, TS JUST
THAT I CAN'T HOVE
MY ARM THAT'S I'M SORRY KID T ALBÉADI HAPPENED AS YOU ARE





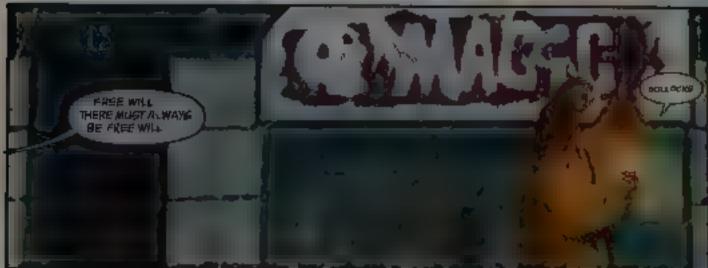












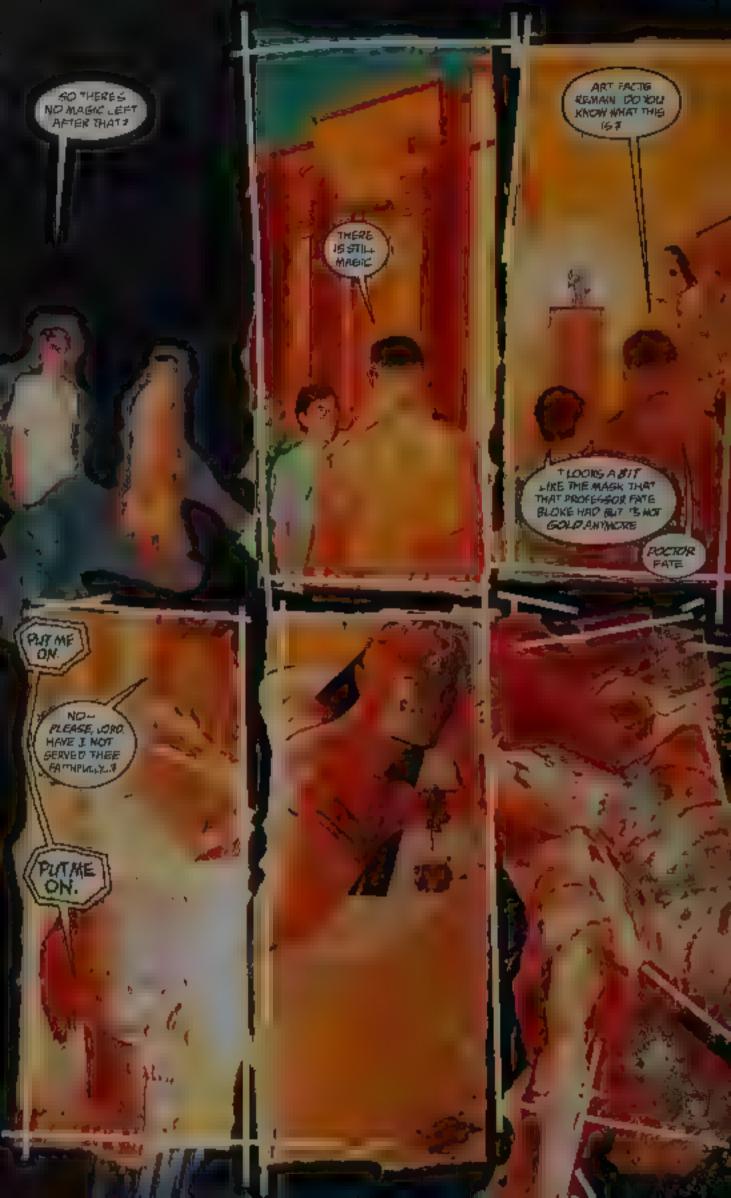
















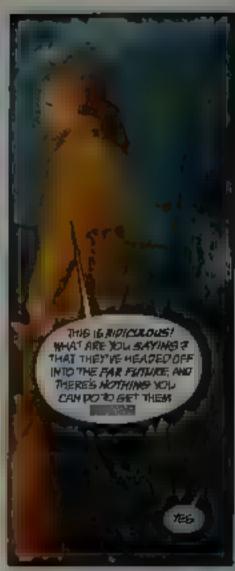
THE PEOPLE OF EARTH PRACTICE SOMETHING THAT IS NE THER MAGNETHOR SCIENCE, BUT PARTAKES OF BOTH IN ESCIAL MEASURE WASINE COMPUTERS CONFOSED PARTLY OF GLEANING WHERE ARE WE NOW 7" SILICON, PARTLY OF A NET OF SPELLS " THE EARTH, IN THE SIXTIETH CENTURY THE PENOUSUM HAS SWING BACK ONCE MORE 19 THAT WHAT THEY'VE GOT, THIS WORLD HAS BEEN SEGRESATED FROM THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE-BY WHOSE WILL 1 00 NOT KNOW THINK 60 KNOW " WE ARE FORTY CENTURIES WE ARE PORTY CENTRALES
AWAY FROM OUR OWN
TIME, BOY MY UNDERSTANDNG OF THIS WORLD IS
AS LIMITED AS THAT OP
A CAVEMAN'S WOULD BE
OF PRESENT-DAY BOSTON JUST DON'T TALK TO THEM YOU WHERE ARE 4 WE HAVE A THROWEACK TO BE PUNKHED/SCOLDED/S
REHABILITATED > NOT PLEASHED
HERE [WILL YOU EXPROPRIATE
TO HIM IN YOUR TIME/7 AV THENTETH ENTURY ABRACAPABRA? I DON'T THUNK 1 SAID DON'T TALK TO THEM, NO CONCERN HAVE TO AN LOCATED YOUR LODGING DATE-LINE PHOWN WILL BE JUNDANDY FOR THE EMADCHILD ABHARATIANADHAMARBARAKH. 807 ONWARD.



















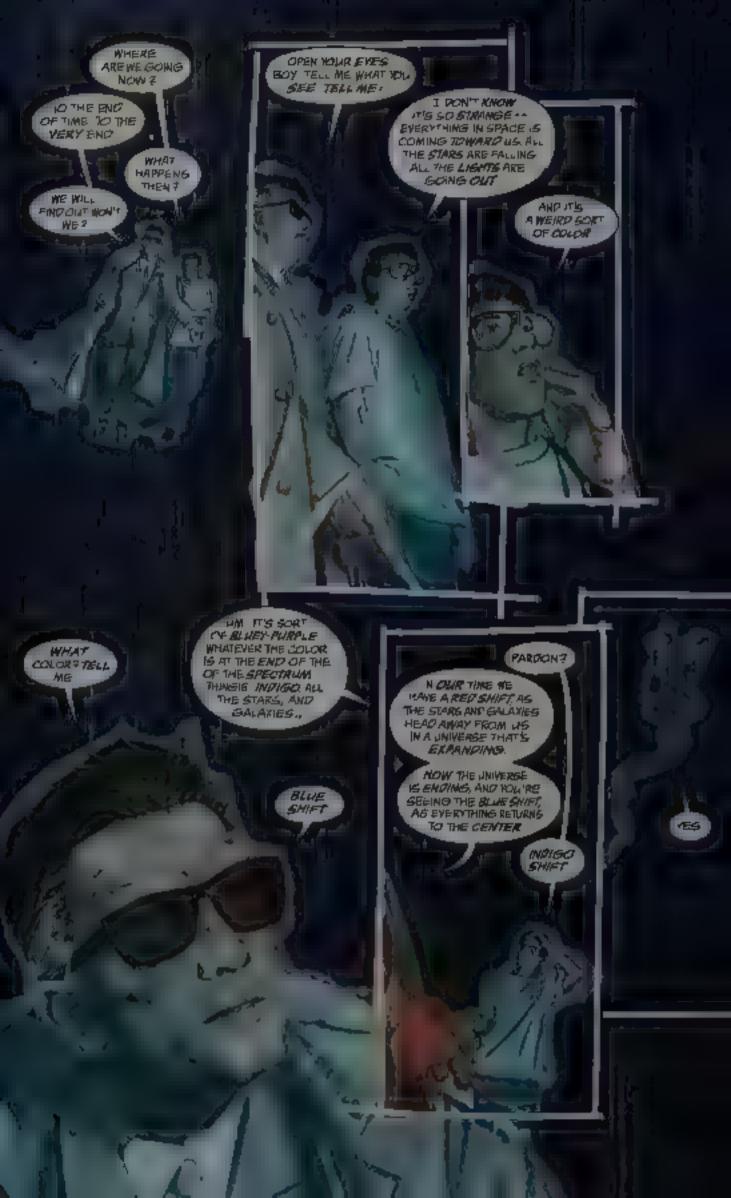


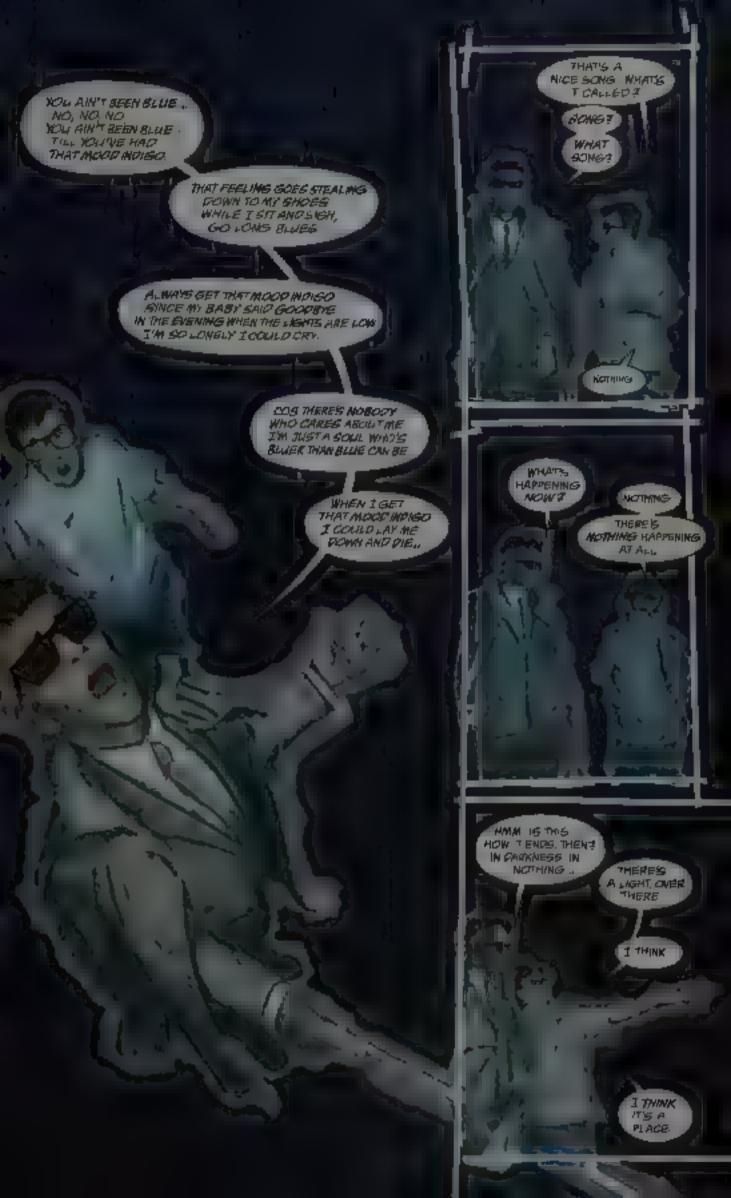


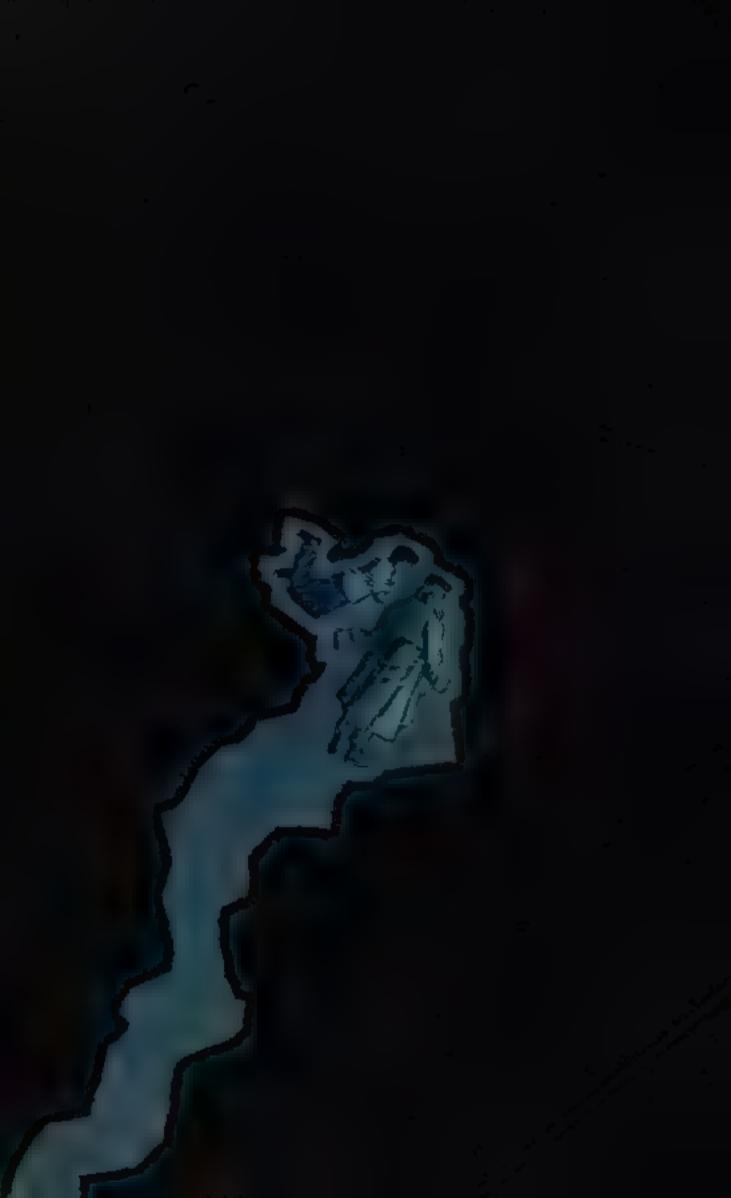




















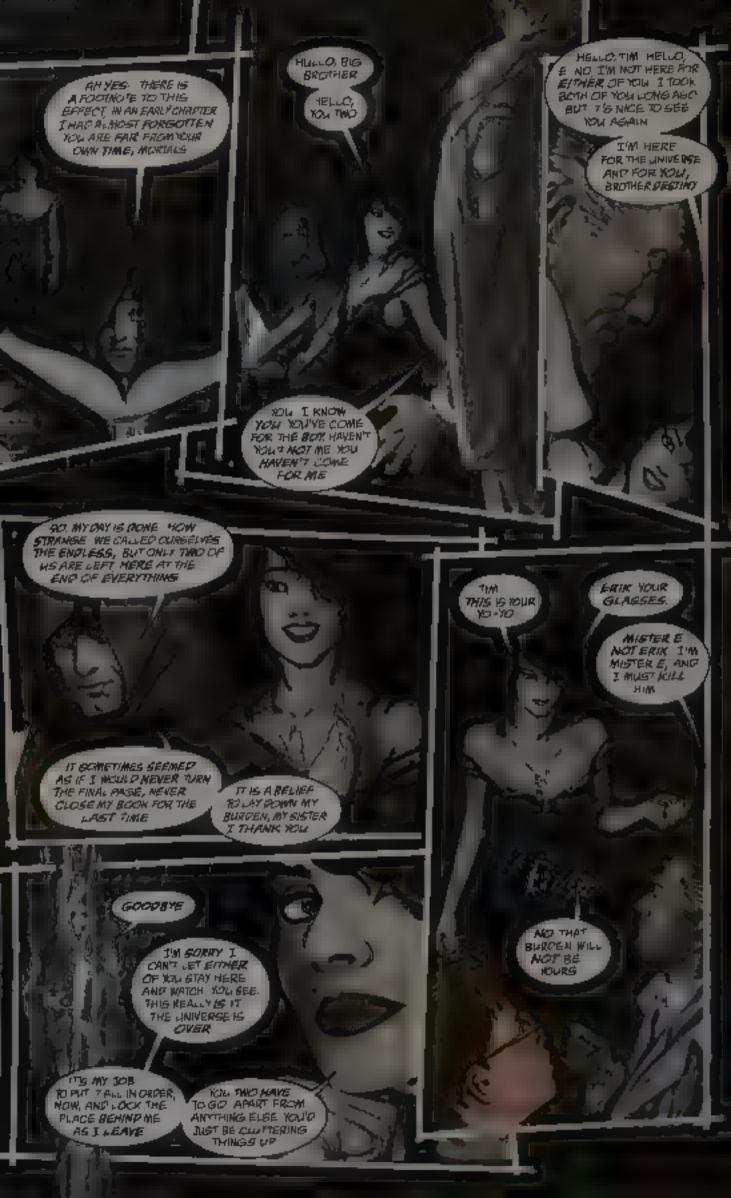




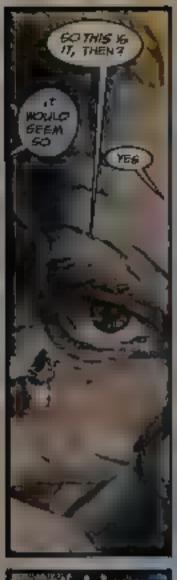


OH GREAT WELL CNCE
YOU'VE BEEN TO THE END OF
THE UNIVERSE WHAT ELSE
HE THERE TO DOT I'D WRITE
MY NAME ON SOME THING,
BUT THERE'S NOTHING
TO WRITE ON WHERE ARE WE NOW? SEET MOTHING TS NOT EVEN BLACK IT'S JUST NOTHING I CANGO NO PURTHER THIS STHE ALL RIGHT LETS GO BACK HOME I'M BORED VERY WELL COME HERE LET ME HOLD YOU WHAT'S THAT BEHIND YOUR BACK? HOLDING? COME HERE, I GAID! WHAT'S YOU CANNOT HURTME MINE IS THE GLORY OF RASHTNESS MINE IS COURAGE UNGULIED WHAT'S WITH I DON'T WANT TO I DON'T WANT TO
HURT YOU TIMOTHY I
WANT TO PROTECT YOU
FROM THE WORLD RECAUSE
IT COULD CORRUPT YOU
THERE ARE WOMEN OUT
THERE TIMOTHY, LESS
AND BREASTS AND
THISHS AND.
AND. BELIEVE ME THIS IS FOR YOUR DWA SO YOU BRING SO YOU BRING
ME HERE, WHERE
THERE'S ABSOLUTELY
MO CHANCE OF ANYONE
RESCUINS MET
YEAM THAT'S COURAGE
ALL RIGHT 6000 GOODSYE CHILD



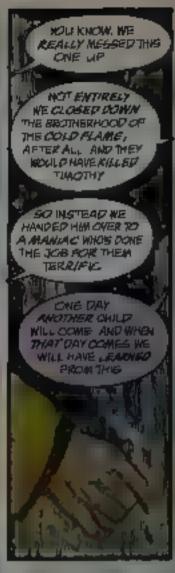
































YOU HAVE GLIMPSED THE WORLD'S THAT TOUCH YOUR OWN

YOU HAVE SEEN THE BEGINNING, AND YOU HAVE SEEN THE END

> NOW YOURS IS THE DECISION

IF YOU CHOOSE MAGIC,
YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO
RETURN TO THE LIFE YOU CHOOL
VED YOUR WORLD MAY BE
MORE EXCITING, BUT IT
MILL JUSQ BE MORE
DANGERCUS, LESS
RELIABLE

AND ONCE YOU BEGIN TO WALK THE PATH OF MAGIC, YOU CAN NEVER STEP OFF IT

OR YOU CAN CHOOSE
THE PATH OF SCIENCE OF
RATIONAL TY L VE IN ANORMAL
WORLD DIE A NURMAL CEATH
LESS EXCITING UNDOUBTECLY
BUT SAFER



















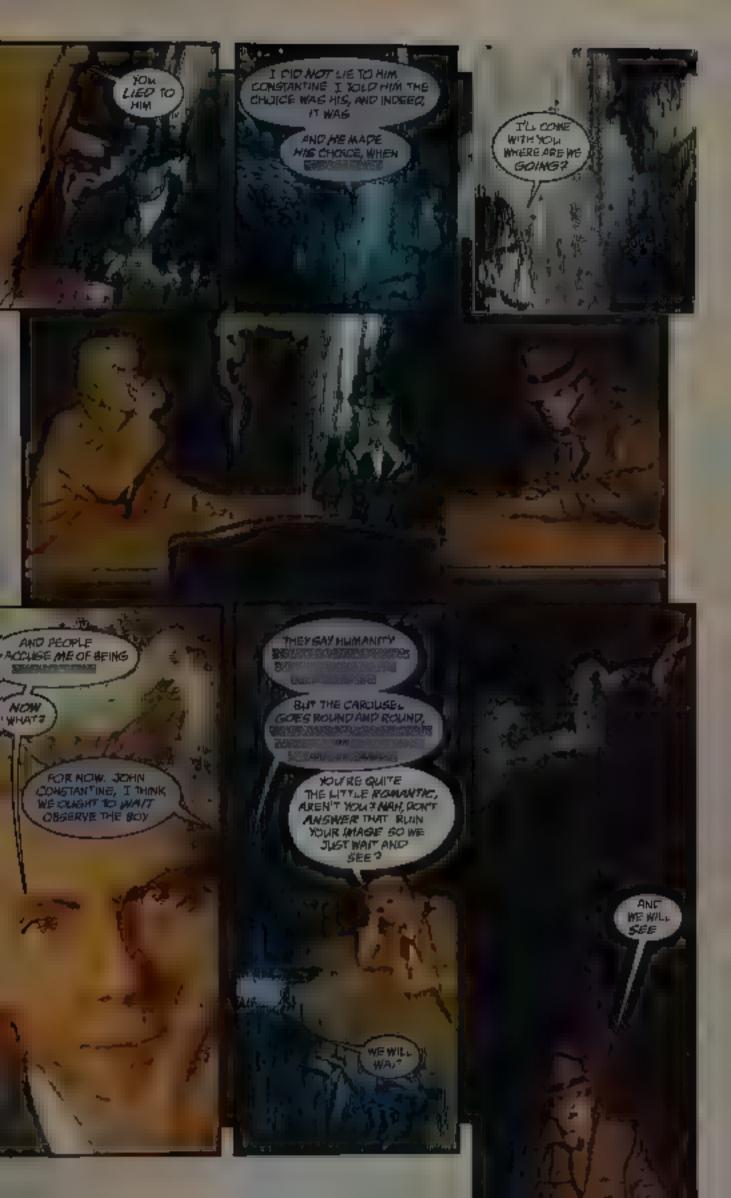












































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## Magic

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